THE BYSTANDER
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APRIL 16, 1930

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the BYSTANDER

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SPORTING EVENTS

come and go, but the outstanding weekly one, coming ever fresh, every Friday, is the appearance of

THE ILLUSTRATED

SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS

ONE SHILLING WEEKLY

The Bystander, April 16, 1930

the BYSTANDER

No. 1374. Vol. CVI

MISS EILEEN HAWTHORNE

Cigarini

One of the most famous of the models who sit for Mr. Augustus John, R.A. She was formerly the favourite model of the late Mr. Ambrose McEvoy, and is at present sitting for the well-known American artist, Mr. Dean Cornwall, who is now in England

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C.F.H. 60

The Passing Hour

Sport and General

A picturesque scene at the meet of the Bucks Otterhounds at Brackley Bridge, Northampton. Hounds enjoyed some fine sport and several well-known people were among the followers

Central Press

The Duke of Norfolk, England's Premier Duke, seen at the Household Brigade Steeplechases recently held at Hawthorne Hill. He rode Lady Castlederg in the race for the Royal Horse Guards Regimental Challenge Cup, which was won by Sir Peter Grant Lawson's Justice

Central News

A HAPPY INTERLUDE

Mrs. Leader, Miss Jean Scott, daughter of Lord George Scott, and Miss Nancy Teacher enjoying some light refreshment during the annual Point-to-Point meeting of the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire Hunt Steeplechases. This was held at Oatridge, near Uphall, and attracted a large crowd of spectators

THE Polo Season opens in a few days now, and already they are exercising on the Beaufort Polo Ground the ponies picked by Captain Maurice Kingscote for our international team. The actual membership of the team who will ultimately try and bring back the Westchester Cup is, however, a doubtful one. At the present minute it consists of Captain Tremayne, Captain Roark, Major Phipps Hornby, and Mr. Humphrey Guinness. But it would not surprise everyone if Captain Roark is the only one who ultimately plays. A more likely combination is the two Roarks, Balding and George, who came back from India last week just in time for the luncheon given by Lord Cowdray in honour of the potential team.

Lord Londonderry's Coat

THIS luncheon was an entertaining business. There seemed to be at least one noble Lord at each of the ten or fifteen tables at which the assembled guests sat down. There was Lord Londonderry in that quaint old-fashioned satin-faced morning-coat which he affects, and into which his fingers invariably work their way when he is about to speak. There was Lord Cromwell. There was Lord Barnby, who varies his time between running a polo team in London, a pack of hounds in the country, and the big textile industry with which he is associated. (Only a bachelor could find time for all three.) There was, of course, Lord Cowdray, a contemporary of Lord Wodehouse, and one of the keenest polo enthusiasts in the country. In fact, all round it was a most select gathering.

HUNTING AND POINT-TO-POINT PICTURED

Up, The Polo Team!

THE two international trial polo matches are to be played on April 26 and May 1. Afterwards there will be tournament matches in which the Pilgrims, the Cavaliers, the King's Dragoon Guards, the Royal Horse Guards, the Queen's Bays, and the Royal Scots Guards will compete. There is a good aggressive spirit actuating the Hurlingham Committee, and it is just that sort of enthusiasm, fighting capacity, and optimism which is most likely to bring back the Cup. It is a pity, though, that Guest is now an American and not an Englishman. He is a useful man in any side.

Beginners' Luck

LINGFIELD is undoubtedly one of the most attractive race-courses in England, particularly if you are a friend of "Bunny" Leigh, and are invited to his special private stand with its special private dining-room and special private staircase to the betting-ring. When Sir Mathew Wilson, accompanied by his wife, saw his horse win the big race after a thrilling finish the other day everyone was happy, from Sir Mathew Wilson downwards. Mr. David Tennant and his wife, Hermione Baddeley, were both particularly cheerful about it. Both had backed the horse to win. Mrs. Tennant has just started racing, and is having beginners' luck of the most admirable description.

A MILITARY MEETING AT ALDERSHOT

A view of some of the field taking a fence in the race for the Aldershot Open Cup, which Johnny, while Mr. W. B. Radford's Ferrans and Mr. F. Usher's Denburgh were perfect weather, and as usual the spectators included a large number of well-known Society victory by that celebrated rider, Lieutenant-General Sir David Campbell, in the Military E. G. L. Cullen's Gay Boy III by a short head. The former challenged a mile from together. Vast enthusiasm was created by this popular victory, as it was the last meeting

L.N.A.

Lord Londonderry, Mr. Robert Strawbridge, Mrs. W. G. Lowe and the Countess of Huntingdon, talking to the Hon. Lancelot Lowther, at the final meet of the Quorn recently held at Baggrave Hall

A FINE EFFORT *Sport and General*

General Sir David Campbell, aged sixty-one, winner of the first race of the Aldershot meeting. General Campbell won the Grand National thirty-four years ago

A Woman Bookmaker

AMONG the racegoers that day were Lord Harewood, Lady Evelyn Beauchamp, and Lady Carnarvon, three of the keenest enthusiasts of the Turf in the country. Both Lady Evelyn Beauchamp and Lady Carnarvon testified to their hardihood by wearing the lightest possible clothes. An even more regular racegoer than this pair is Mrs. Verney, who is associated with Ladbroke's by day and dances indefatigably at Ciro's by night. At Lingfield she was dressed in bright red, so that there was very little chance of mistaking her.

A Mysterious Shot

COMING back in the train Frank Hartigan, the trainer, was telling us of a mysterious experience that had just come his way. He was travelling on the Southern Railway when a bullet smashed through the glass window and, ricochetting off, cut his finger slightly. When he got in touch with the proper authorities they were unable to supply him with any further information on the subject. It

FOLLOW OUR RACING HINTS

RACING HINTS *By "Old Orkney"*

RESIDUE was backed to win a small fortune at Warwick. The challenge appeared to be made too late. Keep on the right side for a long-distance race. Fresh from hurdling, his best performance being when he beat a big field at Hurst Park.

VIVACIOUS had shown up in gallops at Newmarket and was confidently expected to win at Liverpool over one mile six furlongs. A typical "springer" from 8 to 1 and to less than half the rate. Cut up badly and never got into a challenging position. Should score on a more searching track.

CAMACHA was beaten a head by I Am The Captain over six furlongs at Liverpool. Bell's charge just knuckled under after a desperate set-to owing to going the longest way round at the bend. Started favourite in a field of 14. Follow up for a six furlong race, particularly on a straight course.

HEARTSEASE, in charge of R. Gooch, has been out at exercise lately and must not be missed. This three-year-old cost 13,000 guineas as a yearling, but it was not possible to train him last year.

SILVER ARROW. An upstanding Hurry On filly owned by Sir George Bullough and trained at Middleham, was unable to show true form last season owing to the hard going. She is one to follow in the North this season.

Central News

was won by Capt. G. M. Hamar on his horse, Steady second and third respectively. The meeting was held in people. The outstanding feature of the first day was the fine Drag Hunt's Cup, when his horse, Exchange II, beat Major home, they raced neck and neck, and jumped the last fence at which General Campbell could ride as Commander-in-Chief

Miss Terry on Sorrel, falling during the Ladies' Adjacent Hunts Races at the Old Berkeley and Royal Air Force Point-to-Point Steeplechases held at Kimble

L.N.A.

will be interesting to see whether there will be any sequel to this.

When Jolson Cried

LORD HILLINGDON was an unexpected figure at the party given to celebrate the 300th performance of *Bitter Sweet*. He sat next to Miss Peggy Wood, the heroine, and, I think, enjoyed himself thoroughly, like everyone else. At any rate, he stayed until the National Anthem, at 3 o'clock in the morning. It was a grand party, and only three little speeches were made. The best was a most brilliant effort by Miss Peggy Wood, the only actress I have ever heard to make a good one. Cochran then told us how he went with Al Jolson to see "The Singing Fool," and how Jolson wept bitterly throughout the performance.

Also Present

OTHER guests at the party who had nothing to do with the stage were Admiral Ellerton and Colonel Vesey, who until recently commanded the Irish Guards. I always associated the Irish Guards with one of its officers who dined at the house of a lady with a mixed taste in guests. Having just survived the prattle of the debutantes on either side of him the gallant officer gladly drew up his chair, clutched his glass of port, and prepared to enjoy himself when the ladies left the room. He did not expect the remark made to him by the young man on his right.

Wide World

Miss Sinclair, daughter of Admiral Sinclair (left), Lady Anne Hope, Lady Mary Hope, Lady Bridget Home (daughter of the Earl and Countess of Home), and Lady Joan Joicey seen at the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire Point-to-Point Races recently held at Oatridge

SPORT AND LE SEXE FAIBLE

Mrs. Bradshaw (left) and Miss G. E. C. Rudgard, who won the "Eve" Northern Foursomes at Alwoodley, near Leeds. This competition, always a popular event, attracted a large number of entries

Miss Lobbett, Miss D. Fowler (left) and Mrs. Raymond Cooper and Miss J. Fowler, who reached the semi-final in the "Eve" Golf Competition

This was, "A golden evening, Colonel, what?"

A Wild Party

On the same night as the Cochran party was held, one of those "wild" parties was given in honour of the Countess Bosdari, as Mrs. Babe Plunkett-Greene must now be known. She had flown over from Paris two or three days before. Like the first night of Quaglino's Gril Parisien, this party might, I hear, have come straight out of Evelyn Waugh's "Vile Bodies." Mrs. Dennis Pelly, Mr. Patrick Balfour, and the other characters in the book all came to life for a few brief hours—up to 5 o'clock in the morning.

Lengthening Easter

It looks as though Easter is going to be spread out over a longer period than ever this year. Once upon a time it lasted from the Thursday night before to the Monday evening after. Nowadays it begins on about the Tuesday before and goes on until the Thursday afterwards. Realising this, the Riviera is hopeful about getting English people to dash down by motor car or fly down in a Moth. Nice, Cannes, Antibes, and Juan-les-Pins are all expecting a rush. By way of contrast, Somerset Maugham is back. I believe he has just completed a new play. Probably he will soon follow Frederick Lonsdale, P. G. Wodehouse, and Noel Coward, and go and write for the Talkies in Hollywood.

Comparisons

Lonsdale has never made any bones about his conviction that the Talkie is now the premier entertainment. At the moment he is on his way to help produce "Spring Cleaning." He does not know how long he will be away. P. G. Wodehouse will probably be back by Christmas. Noel Coward has recently left Japan on his way home, and should be in London in the middle of next month.

Photographs *Topical*

AN EVANGELIST ON BOARD

Mrs. Aimée McPherson, the notorious Evangelist, and her daughter, Roberta They are seen at Plymouth on their way to Paris, where by "Hot Gospel" methods they hope to convert the ungodly

It would be interesting to know the public's opinion on the relative merits of Coward and Lonsdale as playwrights. People used to say that Coward could not be compared with Lonsdale. Now some are saying that Lonsdale cannot be compared with Coward.

Women in Sport

On May 1, at the May Fair Hotel, will be held the Sports Ball organised by Lady Bowden and Lady Segrave. Every kind of sport is represented on the Committee—shooting by Mrs. Alton, hunting by Miss Ellis, golf by Mrs. Herbert Guedalla, netball by Miss O'Reilly, motoring by Miss Roper, badminton by Mrs. Tragett, aviation by Miss Spooner, fencing by Miss Alice Walker, and so on. It is in connection with the Women's Automobile and Sports Association, the only club of its

A HORSE SHOW AND A MOTOR TRIAL

kind in the Empire. Its gallant members propose, among other things, to undergo a London to Land's End Reliability Trial for motor cycles, sidecars, and cars, on May 16 and 17, starting from Slough at 11 p.m. and finishing (if lucky) at Land's End at 5 o'clock next day.

Worth Watching

A STILL more original affair will be a combined motor car, speed-boat, and air rally team race early in June, which should give added interest to the three most exhilarating sports now so enthusiastically taken up by women. That ought to be well worth watching, far more exciting than the old-fashioned trio of running, rowing and riding over a given distance.

Janet Jevons

MISS LORRAINE JOHNSON

The beautiful younger daughter of Mr. William Johnson, of Rashleigh, Pinkeney Green, Berkshire. Her mother is giving a dance for her towards the end of May

Lenare

MISS MAUREEN GUINNESS

Elder daughter of the Hon. Arthur Guinness and Mrs. Guinness, whose engagement to Lord Ava, son and heir of the Marquess and Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, has recently been announced

At Grosvenor House

ON April 29 will be held the Ice Carnival and Gymkhana organised by Lady Londonderry at Grosvenor House. Besides an Apache dance by Miss Freda Whitaker, and a barrel-jumping display by Phil Taylor, Lady Foley will give an exhibition ball-room dance with Mr. Sydney Stern, and Mrs. C. B. Cochran, who has made such a success with *From Nine to Six*, is organising a cabaret. It ought to be a good party.

I.B.

A rehearsal for Lady Birkenhead's Matinée, at which various members of Society will pose as Italian pictures in aid of the General Lying-In Hospital, was recently held at Lady Wavertree's house in Regent's Park. Above is seen Lady Eleanor Smith, elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Birkenhead, who represents "St. George" by Mantegna

Novelties at Richmond

FOR the Richmond Royal Horse Show there will be no fewer than twenty-two cups for competition. They have been given by the King, the Duke of York, the Prince of Wales, Lord Dewar, and Lady Helen McCalmont. One of the new classes will be for coach-horses shown in single harness in a phaeton or dog-cart. Another will be for Welsh mountain ponies ridden by children under fourteen years of age.

Topical

OTTERHOUNDS' OPENING MEET

Capt. P. G. Sharp, Joint-Master of the Wye Valley Otterhounds, photographed at a recent meet which took place at Tintern, Monmouthshire. He is seen feeding his pet otter, Bella Donna

MATRIMONY AT EASTERTIME.

Express Photos

Lord Thomson, P.C., C.B.E., D.S.O., who has sent a message of appreciation to "The Bystander" concerning the special aviation number. Lord Thomson's distinguished war career made him a foremost figure in the public eye

Yet another innovation will be the Handy Horse Competitions, one for men and one for women, in which the "clou" of the affair will be the picking up of polo balls and placing them in the receptacles provided for them—the women being still mounted, but the men being dismounted.

An Early Wedding

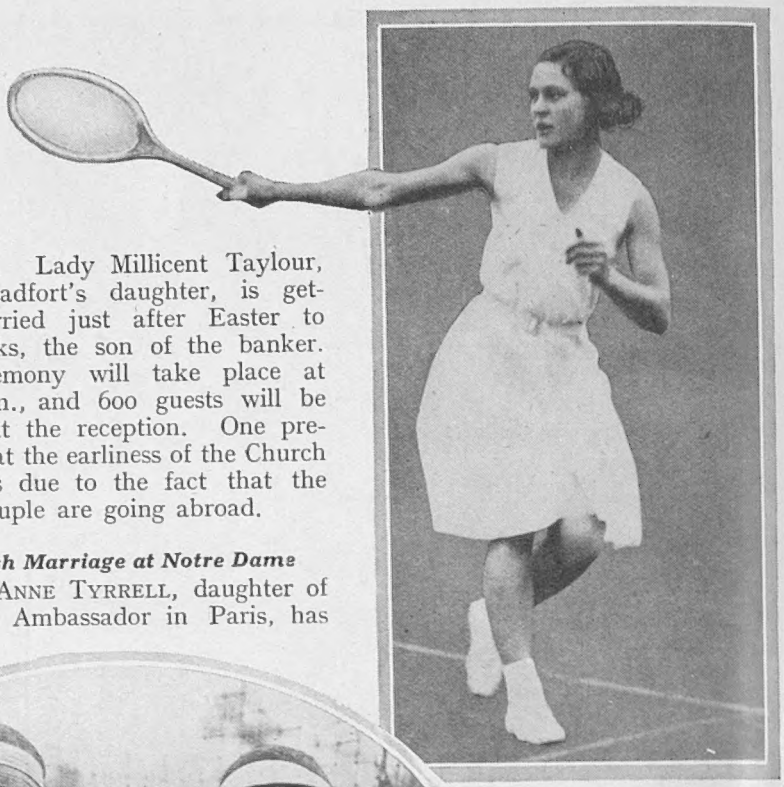
LENT is observed less and less as time goes on. The only exception to the rule is the question of weddings. Lady Millicent Taylour, Lord Headfort's daughter, is getting married just after Easter to Mr. Tiarks, the son of the banker. The ceremony will take place at 11.30 a.m., and 600 guests will be present at the reception. One presumes that the earliness of the Church service is due to the fact that the young couple are going abroad.

An English Marriage at Notre Dame

MISS ANNE TYRRELL, daughter of our Ambassador in Paris, has also waited until just after Easter to get married. Her fiancé, Mr. Adrian Holman, and she are going round London, at the moment, looking for furniture for their future home, which will be a flat in Paris. The wedding is taking place in Notre Dame, and will be the first English one to take place there for I do not know how many years.

A Dance Specialist

LUIGI, of the Embassy, is becoming a great favourite with hostesses anxious to lend distinction to the catering department of their parties. Besides looking after the arrangements for Lady Millicent Taylour's wedding breakfast, he will arrange for the supper and early morning breakfast which will form the background to the dance, of 500 guests, given by Mrs. Maclean at her house in South Street. This dance is for the coming-of-age of the



Photopress

Miss Joan Fry (left) and Mrs. Fearnley Whittingstall photographed at Wimbledon, where several lawn tennis stars are being "tried out" in view of the forthcoming Wightman Cup match. The former was beaten 7—9, 6—8

The Preliminary Trials in preparation for the approaching Wightman Cup contest were recently held at Wimbledon. Above is seen Miss Heeley, who defeated Mrs. R. E. Haylock (4—6, 6—3, 6—4). Miss Heeley was the Girl Champion of 1928

Planet News

Lady Bailey, the well-known woman pilot, trying the controls of the glider in which she made a perfect flight and landed gracefully, thus being the first woman to attempt a glider flight. This sport is rapidly becoming more and more popular, as it provides a series of thrills that cannot be experienced in any other form

"CELEBRITIES DISGUISED"

OUR NEW COMPETITION.

Turn to page 113 and learn how you can win a fine Rover Saloon Car, valued at £335, in addition to numerous cash prizes. Start recognising now.

MESSAGES FROM AIR KINGS

Photopress

Miss Spooner and Capt. F. E. Guest, D.S.O., seen beside the former's aeroplane at the Berks, Bucks and Oxon Aero Club's air pageant recently held at Reading. Miss Spooner contributes an interesting article on Aviation on page 144 of this issue

G.P.U.

Miss Beatrix Thomson and Miss Auriol Lee (the well-known actress) landing after a trip in Capt. Rogers' new Cirrus Klemn monoplane. They are also seen at the Berks, Bucks and Oxon Aero Club's pageant

Howard Coster

Air Vice-Marshal Sir William Sefton Brancker, K.C.B., A.F.C., one of the leading figures in the world of aviation. He has been Director of Civil Aviation in the Air Ministry since 1922, and has played a prominent part in the history of flying. During the war he held several appointments of great importance

hostess's daughter. Another dance for which Luigi is going to do the catering is that of Mrs. St. George, on May 7, at Kingston Hill, when there will be no fewer than 750 guests.

On the Same Day

OTHER after-Easter weddings, as well as those I have mentioned, include that of Miss Devitt, who is to be married at St. Mark's on St. George's Day, a date which somehow one always seems to forget. There will also be a wedding on the same day at St. Margaret's, Westminster, when Lady Hermione Cameron is married to Mr. John Stewart. The bride's grandmother, the Dowager Duchess of Montrose, will give the reception on this occasion. So what with one thing and another it seems as if Easter is going to be a Season all on its own.

MR. MERVYN O'GORMAN

Vice-Chairman of the Royal Aero Club, and Vice-Chairman of the Royal Automobile Club since 1923. Mr. O'Gorman has held a large number of official posts and is well in the limelight as regards aviation. He has been suggested as the man who can solve the London traffic problem

LORD THOMSON

Minister for Air, has kindly sent the following message of appreciation in connection with our Special Flying Number.

"I am very glad to learn that THE BYSTANDER is publishing another special Aviation issue, and that it is intended to keep this as an annual feature.

"There is nothing more typical of the spirit of progress which characterises the younger generation to-day than the steadily growing interest of the general public in flying. Its readers look to THE BYSTANDER to keep them in touch with all that is progressive, and I am sure an annual flying number will have a wide appeal."

SIR SEFTON BRANCKER

Has sent the following message to THE BYSTANDER readers for our Special Flying Number.

"I congratulate you on the interesting Aviation page which has now been a feature of THE BYSTANDER for more than two years. The volume of sporting and private flying in this country and in the Overseas Dominions and Colonies is increasing by leaps and bounds. The British Press has been a very appreciable factor in fostering the growing popularity of Aviation, and THE BYSTANDER has played a good part in this patriotic move. The year 1930 promises much of journalistic interest in Aviation.

"Our airships should make their first long voyages to Imperial Airports; British Air Transport will establish a regular service along the Nile as far as Kenya, with plans for extending to Cape Town during 1931; National Flying Services will be in full operation and the number of Air Race Meetings and Rallies already scheduled in Great Britain eclipses anything we have seen in the past. Your Aeronautical correspondent should be kept busy."

"THE BYSTANDER" ROVER CAR—WHO WILL WIN IT?

The photograph shows Miss Molly Gourlay, the Lady Golf Champion, inside the 15·7 h.p. 6-cylinder Rover car offered as the first prize in our "Celebrities Disguised" Competition. Readers can enter this week. See page 113 for particulars

ABOUT CUNLIFFE-LISTER "By Kim"

Planet News

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK

Miss Megan Lloyd George with her little nephew, Owen, photographed before leaving for the House of Commons last week, where she made a witty maiden speech on Housing

Topical

Mr. Edgar Wallace, the famous journalist, novelist and playwright (on the right), talking to Earl Harewood (left) at Lingfield Park. Mr. Edgar Wallace has now adopted yet another rôle, that of Liberal Candidate for the Aylesbury Division of Bucks

On the opposite page we publish this week one of Mr. Howard Coster's artistic photographs for which Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister afforded a special sitting. We believe that today our public men, on whose shoulders repose the fate of the Empire to a great extent, should be better known to the twenty-eight million of electors.

Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister is one of the few Conservative Leaders who have added to their reputation in the present Parliament. In Opposition he has proved himself a force, able with his tongue to lash the Socialists into a furious rage. The suave manner and Oxford accent of the late President of the Board of Trade conceal a stern and unflinching resolution, which Conservative leadership has lacked for all too long.

There is no doubt but that Sir Philip is an out-and-out believer in Safeguarding. I am not wrong in saying that he is in favour of Food Taxation as the only way to bring about an adequate measure of Empire Free Trade. He is daunted, no doubt, by the halting methods of Mr. Baldwin, who, whatever his virtues, lacks the first conception of leadership. The Conservative Leader's idea of the Referendum to decide an issue of enormous economic importance reveals the weakness of the situation, where if he had grasped the nettle success would be bound to follow.

Sir Philip will soon come into the open on this great question. He is already mentioned as a probable Chancellor of the Exchequer, and perhaps future leader of the Conservative Party. As a statesman he is still a young man.

Next week: Lord Beaverbrook.

Our Public Men

Exclusively photographed for The Bystander *by Howard Coster*

THE RT. HON. SIR PHILIP CUNLIFFE-LISTER, M.P.

Sir Philip, formerly President of the Board of Trade, is one of the leading protagonists in favour of Empire Free Trade and the necessity of further Safeguarding. He has greatly added to his reputation in the present Parliament as a debater, and is spoken of as a possible future Chancellor of the Exchequer

IN THE SPRING

Some Débutantes of the

Raphael

MISS PAMELA WELLESLEY

Eldest daughter of the late Lord Richard Wellesley and of Lady Wellesley, who will be presented by her mother at one of this Season's Courts. Lady Wellesley is the daughter of Sir Maurice and Lady FitzGerald

Bassano

LADY MARY ST.-CLAIR-ERSKINE

One of the most charming of this year's débutantes. She is the younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Rosslyn and is a keen rider

Hay Wrightson

MISS PATRICIA CRAWSHAY

The daughter of Colonel Codrington Howard Rees Crawshay, D.S.O., late Royal Welch Fusiliers, and of Mrs. Codrington Crawshay, who is to be presented during the Season

Vandyk

MISS MERIAL DALRYMPLE-WHITE

A next year's débutante, daughter of Colonel Sir Godfrey Dalrymple-White and of the Hon. Lady Dalrymple-White

Lenare

MISS MARJORIE BRASSEY

The daughter of Mrs. Edgar Brassey, who will be presented during the forthcoming Season

OF THE YEAR

Forthcoming Season

Raphael

MISS JOAN EYRES MONSELL

The beautiful second daughter of Sir Bolton and Lady Eyres Monsell, another of the young people to be presented this year. Sir Bolton Eyres Monsell is Chief Conservative Whip

Lenare

LADY KATHERINE FITZMAURICE

Elder daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Lansdowne, is one of the most beautiful débutantes of the year. Lady Katherine is a great lover of sport

Raphael

MISS HELENA PERROTT

Younger daughter of Lady Perrott and a god-daughter of the late Princess Christian, who will be presented by her mother. She is the great-grandniece of the famous Edwardian hostess, Maria Marchioness of Ailesbury, who was so well known as "Lady A"

Bertram Park

MISS DIANE CHAMBERLAIN

The débutante daughter of Sir Austen and Lady Chamberlain. Miss Chamberlain is one of the most popular members of young Society and has a large circle of friends

Claude Harris

MISS MARY HEDLEY

Daughter of Mr. J. Prescott Hedley and of Mrs. Hedley, who will be presented at one of this year's Courts

AT THE PLAY

CRIME IN CHICAGO

By Vernon Woodhouse

BIRDS EYE VIEW
(BY KIND PERMISSION
OF THE MANAGEMENT)
OF CHARLES
LAUGHTON
IN MAD MOOD
WITH
GILLIAN
LIND

"On the Spot," at Wyndham's

MANAGER EDGAR WALLACE has chosen for his latest production at Wyndham's Theatre a play by Dramatist Edgar Wallace called *On the Spot*. A note on the programme states that the Chicago police—the action of the play takes place in Chicago—daily and hourly are dealing effectively with situations more incredible and more fantastical than any the author has depicted in his play! Well, the Chicago police may be dealing with such situations, but their manner of doing so—as exemplified in *On the Spot*—is assuredly open to gentle criticism, as may be noticed later.

THIS is a play in which it appears no one's life would be granted an accident policy by any English life assurance office. A dying 'tec is on view in hospital in the first scene of all, and, as the story unfolds itself, it is kept alive by at least two more murders and one suicide. A rich, juicy entertainment which finishes with the principal scoundrel being unjustly charged with murder. The Detective-Commissioner *knows* it isn't murder, but he destroys the proof of suicide in light-hearted fashion in order to bring to the chair a man guilty of other killings! This Detective-Commissioner actually destroys the evidence before the eyes of the handcuffed man, and that is what makes me say, if Edgar Wallace is not pulling our legs, that the methods of the Chicago police are open to criticism of a gentle nature!

AND all this killing is caused by Prohibition! So profitable is bootlegging that the rival gangs are rolling in money and wallowing in luxury. The chief of one gang is Tony Perelli, an Italian-American, who lives in sumptuously gawdy apartments on Michigan Avenue, and still has sufficient money left over to bribe High Court Judges and police. In the intervals of arranging murders—the 'tec in the first scene was "done in" by his orders—he seeks solace (or inspiration) in playing the organ and running after women who, though sisters under their skin, are as far removed from each other as the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady.

WHEN we see him first his mistress is a Chinese, Minn Lee, but he is tiring of her, and we learn that her fate will be to preside over one of the vice-houses he runs in Cicero as a side-line, and he takes unto himself Maria Pouliski, a striking and amorous lady who, "without benefit of clergy," is attached to one of his own gunmen.

THIS weak spot in the Perelli armour is, as the Irishman remarked, the heel of Achilles. Perelli's hand in the murder of the detective cannot be brought home to him or his gang; the destruction, thanks to a neat ambuscade, of a young "college" helper—who shot the 'tec—because that youth was enamoured of the Chinese mistress causes no arrest; neither can the murder, enacted before our eyes, of the lover of Maria Pouliski cause the police to be upon the arch criminal's track. It is only a death for which he was not directly responsible, which, as previously related, brings down the curtain on a trapped creature on his knees gabbling unintelligible Italian prayers before a statue of the Virgin Mary.

On the Spot, while dealing with crime, dashes along at top speed, but this speed goes down to second on occasions when the author becomes entangled in the love-affairs of his characters. His Maria Pouliski is a vivid piece of portraiture who carries conviction, but that of Minn Lee is not so clear-cut. The inscrutability of the Oriental is, of course, well known, but for the purposes of the stage I should have enjoyed the play more had I been able to understand the workings of her mind.

AS in most of Edgar Wallace's plays, the minor characters get good chances. W. Cronin Wilson as the Detective-Commissioner plays a com-

BIRDS EYE VIEW
(BY KIND PERMISSION
OF THE MANAGEMENT)
OF CHARLES
LAUGHTON
MAKING LOVE
TO
GLADYS
FRAZIN

FEATURED AT WYNDHAM'S

SKETCHES OF "ON THE SPOT," AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.

By H. H. HARRIS

paratively small but important part most effectively. Dennis Wyndham, a rival gang leader; Ben Smith as the "college" youth; and Ben Welden, a talkative gunman, all help to make these characters live; while a special word of praise must be given to the Angelo of Emlym Williams, Perelli's most trusted helper, the embodiment of injured innocence and guile.

GLADYS FRAZIN, as the flamboyant amorist, made much of a theatrically effective part. That of Gillian Lind was not so highly coloured, but her picture of the Chinese mistress was imbued by her with charm. There remains Charles Laughton as Tony Perelli. He plays the part with any amount of strength—almost too much strength in his love scenes—and only an indistinctness of speech on occasions mars a very fine performance.

BY the way, there is a note on the programme to the following effect: "The Past and Future Plays of Mr. Leon M. Lion, lessee of Wyndham's Theatre, announced in another part of the programme, are in no way connected with Mr. Edgar Wallace's production of *On the Spot*." Why this necessity for enunciating the obvious? It has a tang about it which I do not like.

"Rio Rita," at Prince Edward

THE new Prince Edward Theatre must have been designed with an eye to the production of spectacular musical comedy, and, unless the talkies claim the house, we are likely to see a succession of these here. Spectacle is assuredly the strong card of *Rio Rita*, and the big proscenium is a first-rate frame for the scenic effects, which are very attractive. It also gives a chance for a large chorus to evolute to their hearts' content in picturesque Mexican garb, for it is Mexico where the action of what story there is takes place.

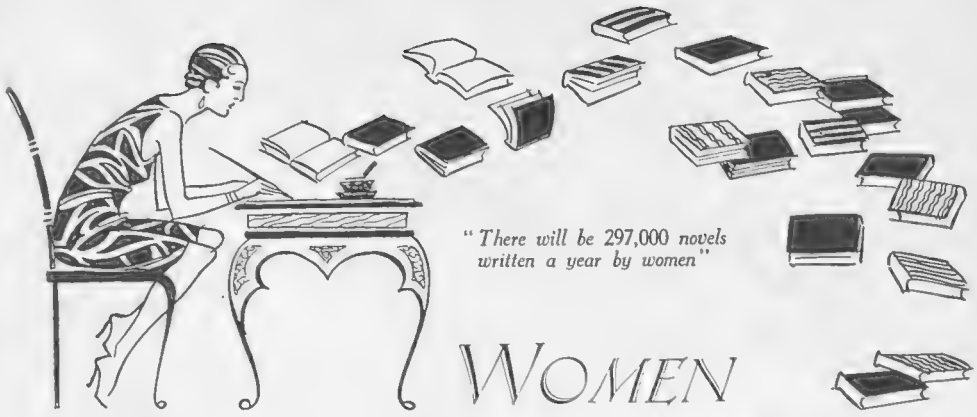
BUT, as is so often the case in spectacular musical comedy, the story is of little account. In fact, it is like boiled mutton, in that without the trimmings it would be somewhat unpalatable. What the public will plank down their money to hear is the chorus numbers like the "March of the Rangers," a sight of the shawl dances, and the fine scene depicting a floating cabaret.

I THINK that this show would gain in popularity if the humour had been of better quality. Verbal wit in a big house such as this may be wasted, but fun on broad lines would be quite in place, and, if added, might give the principal comedian, George Gee, a chance of being funny, for he is not an actor—there are precious few—who can make bricks without straw. Authors Guy Bolton and Fred Thompson should see to this without delay. What fun there is is mainly provided by Leslie Sarony and Rita Page, whose Spanish dance burlesque is distinctly amusing.

EDITH DAY is a popular favourite, and she and Geoffrey Gwyther put their songs across with effect; while Iris Kirk-White and Elsie Percival, together with the Alexander Oumansky Troupe, help, with the chorus, to keep the standard of dancing on a high plane.

V. W.

PARIS GOSSIP



"There will be 297,000 novels written a year by women"

WOMEN IN VARIOUS RÔLES

By Sylvia Lyon

Sketches by NORMAN KAY

IN France a wrong telephone number is called a "mauvais numèro." The other morning I asked for a number on the Passy exchange. "C'est le coiffeur?" I asked, for I was in need of a wave. "Non, c'est l'Elysée," the man on the other end of the wire responded. "Ce n'est pas Passy XX-XX?" I asked. "Non . . . c'est l'Elysée. Ici c'est le Président de la Republique." And that, I think, is the best "bad number" I have ever had.

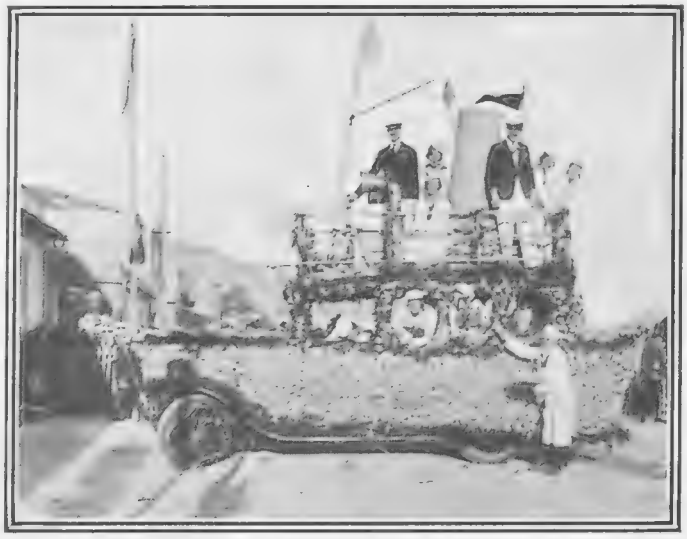
"Women are riding astride"

THE Concours Hippique is on again, the same as ever, including the chilliness of the Grand Palais. The only novelty of the Horse Show is that for the first time since its start French women are riding astride. Simultaneous with the inauguration of this innovation, a Senate committee has again decided to keep women from running for office. The French, especially the Parisians, still keep women on a rather decorative pedestal. No, not a pedestal, a chaise longue à la Madame Récamier. Intelligent they must be, but they must be good to look at besides. Probably the French woman is wiser in this way; she has a very important influence politically, probably laughing up her sleeve at the man who thinks she has no influence.

THE same idea expressed by the Senate committee was expounded in a more gallant way by Paul Morand. When asked if women would ever be really capable of writing novels, that is, in an objective way which men think is impossible for women to do, Morand said that after several generations of education women will be able to exercise their brains creatively. He said—and now comes the pretty thought—that every woman *is* a novel. And should there come a time when it will be legally obligatory for women to be as thoroughly educated as men, there will be 297,000 novels written a year by women.

I THINK that the present nervous consciousness that women are making their advent into literature has been forced on the French by the English. One constantly hears amazed discussions about Emily Brontë, Rosamund Lehman and Virginia Woolf. Rosamund Lehman, beyond all, has simply stunned the Parisian literary world, not only because she can write, but because she has revealed a whole world to write about that is not known in France. The Young Girl in Paris consists of a creature badly dressed, rather too well brought-up, who goes daily to cours or lives in a convent, comes out at a bal blanc, and then is married before she knows what it is all about. She then becomes a Person, if that she has enough individuality and money of her own to tell her mother-in-law to mind her own business.

"Every woman is a novel"



A FLORAL CREW

The S.S. Britannia, of the Hotel Britannia, which took part in the Grand Prix d'Honneur in the Battle of Flowers at Menton

THIS morning my maid came running, in great excitement, to tell me that a 'plane had flown over our street, dropping printed warnings against the advent of Gothas. This alarmed me, and I descended to the concierge, who refused to give up a piece of paper that seemed to awe and fascinate her. Utterly devoted to the interests of my readers, I risked soiling my glove to rescue from the gutter one of many bright leaves of paper that had fluttered downwards. The warning read: "Gare aux Taubes et aux Gothas!" Then went on to say that within two months France will be lost if the evacuation of Mayence and the

(Continued on page 114)

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PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 112)

A FAUX PAS AND A UNIFORM PROBLEM

Rhine is completed. Voters must warn their deputies against the ratification of the Young Plan, etc., etc. The warning was signed by the *Action Française*, the Royalist paper.

THE other evening a party was given for Miss Anne Tyrrell, but she was ill and could not come (see previous article on doings of English people in Paris). Except for Jean Borotra and one older English couple, all the men were students at the Sciences Politiques, called "Sciences Po." At the hour when people become gossipy and I become as confidential as an around the world radio hook-up, in discussing a certain person I said that X was considered to be persona non grata at the British Embassy. The English couple whose name I had not caught said that I was quite right, and I had the sudden and horrible feeling that the husband had something to do with the Embassy. After they had gone I asked the Baronne Baeyans, and she said yes, "Colonel Needham is the Military Attaché."

"anxious to see how women's papers treat this important subject"

A FEW minutes later, after this beatific ignorance, Willie Vanderbilt came from another party. He said that he would take me home, but instead we first went to Florence's, or rather he looked in and said there were very few people there. So then we went to Frisco's. We stayed a few minutes, decided that we didn't like the crowd, and went to Le Grand Ecart. We didn't like the crowd there either, but we could not go running around all night. Then I recalled that this was Mi-Carême, and the reason for so many funny-looking people to be out. We then went to Casanova, where I had not been for ages. It is still richly dark in its decor, and too dark to see who was there, which was just as well. There are still the clusters of silver goblets on the tables; I hope they are the same goblets; I haven't heard of anybody stealing any, which is odd. And there is a cymbalist (no relation to Efram, the violinist) who plays Chopin à ravir.

THE Chasseurs Alpins have been in danger of having their dark blue uniforms changed, and every friend and relative of every chasseur has signed a petition addressed to the Minister of War to the contrary. Other branches of the Army are having troubles, too. Army officers say that since the old full dress uniform has been abolished they feel badly when they go out and see officers from other countries all dressed up. So they are going to bring back the black tenue, bicorne hat, sash and sword, although the Maréchal Françet d'Esperey has protested. As for the other changes in uniform, Marshal Pétain is for horizon blue, now officially discarded in favour of khaki, while General Gourand is for khaki tunics and grey trousers, because he says that trousers seem to wear out before the tunics, and that tones in khaki are difficult to duplicate, therefore grey trousers are more practical. I am anxious to see how women's papers treat this important subject in fashions.

BY HEATH

The influence of the moon on the tied

SACHA GUITRY has never forgiven the critics for the manner in which they reacted to his *Histoires de France*. The first thing he did, in planning the opening of the newly produced *Et Vive le Théâtre*, was to abolish the customary invitational répétition générale. That is to say, while some invitations were sent out a great many places were left available to the paying public. This created a technical difficulty with the tax collector, but Guitry arranged this in advance by paying the taxes himself.

Keystone View

CANNES CELEBRATES

French girls in native dress mounted on mules took part in the celebrations at Cannes on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of the famous poet Mistral

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Towering above the waters of the Mediterranean, this celebrated promontory affords a perfect setting for the extensive shipping that is carried on there, while a garrison keeps continued guard for all vessels. Only fourteen miles from the coast of Africa, it is connected by a low isthmus to the southern extremity of Spain and has a population of over 18,719 inhabitants

if . . . gossip

Sasha

"Bitter Sweet" has passed its three hundredth performance at His Majesty's Theatre and the acting of Ivy St. Helier, seen above, as the Viennese Cabaret Singer, has contributed materially to this successful run

I WOULD view with perfect equanimity the efforts of the present Government to dig its own grave were it not for the fact that (*a*) the process is apt to make a number of people uncomfortable, and (*b*) with, to all intents and purposes, a Lib.-Lab. alliance, the digging may take quite a long time, and the burial may be postponed for at least a year. And a lot of silly things can happen in a year. My immediate reference is to the attack of the Home Office on sweepstakes. The Smithfield Mutual Benefit Fund Sweepstake, which is quite a big affair, is the first to suffer. Owing to an intimation from Mr. Clynes, it is to be abandoned and the money returned, St. Bartholomew's Hospital losing thereby 10 per cent. of the gross. Since £30,000 had been subscribed, with every prospect of that sum being doubled, here is one excellent cause which will thus be deprived of a considerable sum through the quashing of something which could not in any circumstances do harm to anybody.

By Elick

"I see that young Doddley is still having his fling!"

THIS sweepstake business is, I believe, illegal, in spite of the fact that club sweepstakes are allowed (or aren't they?), and any amount of gambling goes on in public as well as in private. In any event, the legal position is so clouded and hedged around with anomalies that it is difficult to know where one stands. Any law that represses such innocuous activities as sweepstakes for the fun of the thing and, incidentally, to benefit hospitals, should be abolished, as it very easily could be. If no one wants to go to the trouble of abolishing it, let it become a dead letter. Let Mr. Clynes put his telescope to his blind eye, or to whatever it is that Labour Home Secretaries put their telescopes. If a law is a bad law or a stupid law, the sooner it falls into desuetude the better. The interest the public takes in sweepstakes is quite natural. If that interest does something to brighten up the grey lives which a good many of us have to lead it is wanton kill-joyism not to give it scope.

By Bertram Prance

Lady (*to friend*): "Furtive-looking little wretch! I'm quite convinced he's snatched that bag!"

IF Mr. Tom Shaw, as the War Minister in a more or less pacifist Government, must take away the grant and hence the official status from the Public School Cadet Corps and similar admirable institutions, he should do it without insulting them. Financial support is to be withdrawn, he says, "on moral and educational grounds." Fiddlesticks! The step has been taken because Mr. Shaw has been jogged in the back by fanatical members of his party, whose bug-

we must...

Topical

CAUGHT BY THE ROD AND CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA

H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught (right) having a fine 16-pounder weighed by Col. Follet, D.S.O. Col. Duguid-McCombie, of Easter Skene (in the doorway), is an interested spectator

bear is "the spirit of militarism." These gentry profess to see the cause of future wars in schoolboys being taught to form fours and do a bit of arm drill. I remember one of their number some time ago protesting against railings in the London parks and squares being spear-shaped on the grounds that the sight of these inculcated in the impressionable young a war-like spirit. The truth is that boys are taught to drill and march because it is good for their minds to undergo a bit of discipline, and because the exercise is good for their bodies.

I SEE nothing terrible if they do pick up a little knowledge of how to defend their country should the necessity arise. But for Mr. Shaw to see something morally evil in the existence of these corps argues an uncanny ability to detect that which does not exist. Incidentally, the sum saved by withdrawing financial assistance is quite negligible.

THE Church Lads' Brigade, and other boys' brigades of a different status from the school cadet companies, are almost certain to come to an end entirely. Since it is natural for boys to form themselves, or to be formed, into brigades and what not, this will mean that many of their members, on being disbanded, will be free to join Sunday leagues which have for their object not the preservation of decency, discipline, and the British Empire, but its destruction. Here will be the opportunity for the Labour League of Youth, the Young Communists' League, and other semi- or wholly Bolshevistic bodies to use all their powers of persuasion to lure many decent lads, thus left at a loose end, into their own pernicious organisations. It is a pretty prospect.

MME. GALLI-CURCI, having had rather an unhappy time in opera of late, now turns round and says opera is absurd and unreal, and doomed to an inevitable death. Now Madame has sung a good deal in opera, and with success, for she has a glorious voice. But she has an awkward habit of singing out of tune—she sang out of tune, I remember, at the Albert Hall—and the bulk of her large fortune has been made out of gramophone records. This is rendered possible by the fact that the most erratic singer must, in the law of averages, sing in tune sometimes, and record after record is made of one song until one that is perfectly in

Peter North

Celia Johnson, who will play the leading part in "Debonair," by G. B. Stern and Frank Vosper, which is being produced in Easter week at the Lyric Theatre. She has lately come of age, has been on the stage for two years and made a great success as the artist's model in "The Artist and the Shadow," at the Kingsway Theatre

"THE APPLE CART" THAT UPSET ITS CRITICS

By H. H. Harris

An impression by H. H. Harris of Nikitina (the Lady) and Serge Lifar (the Baker) in the ballet, "Night," a feature of C. B. Cochran's "1930 Revue" at the London Pavilion

tune appears, the remainder being scrapped at birth. A good Galli-Curci record is, let me hasten to add, a most desirable thing to possess.

But I do not think all this gives Madame the right to call opera "absurd." Opera is not, of course, to everyone's taste. But it is a good deal less absurd than many plays I see, and often better acted. There are some fat operatic heroines and plump tenors, but they are in the minority. A fine performance, perfectly sung, of a Wagnerian work is, for those who are music-lovers, an indescribably glorious experience, whether or no this is a hybrid form of art. I find something rather cheap in this continuous harping on the visual defects of opera, which are, in fact, far fewer than its opponents are so fond of attempting to point out. Opera will be heard in every civilised country long after far greater singers than Mme. Galli-Curci are vanished and forgotten.

I was interested to watch Mr. Lloyd George's face occasionally during my *n*th visit the other night to *The Apple Cart*. The ex-Premier sat in a box, and seemed to delight in the antics of the stage-Premier, so aptly named Proteus. I persist in regarding this play as quite the cleverest entertainment in London, with passages of amazing penetration. Its long run and its undoubted success, and the way most of the best brains in the country have flocked to see it, is the unanswerable refutation of those who, in their infinite unwisdom, proceeded to tear it to pieces (or to try to) when it was first produced. These attacks on Shaw have about as much effect as a stickleback butting its silly little nose against a battleship.

In a stall, on the same night, sat Seymour Hicks, seeing *The Apple Cart* for the first time. "The most brilliant argument for the monarchy I have ever heard," he exclaimed. "And what a play—not a dull moment in it." There was a further discussion on monarchy during an entr'acte, and someone spoke of the ex-Kaiser. "Of course," the speaker was saying, "he killed his chances of ever getting back on the throne by that second marriage. But one can hardly blame him. He must have found it very lonely at Doorn." "And still more lonely at night," popped in the lightning-like Seymour.

Someone must write a play about the revolt of the older generation. The Manchester School, and others, have exploited the revolt of the younger generation for all it is worth, and we are fed to the teeth with Victorian-trained parents who won't let their daughters do this, that, or the other, and who are made to suffer in consequence. I doubt whether in real life such parents have been allowed to exist at all for the past five-and-twenty years. Why doesn't a dramatist get much nearer to actual things and put on the stage some browbeaten parents who resolve to revolt against the tyranny of their children. A striking instance has just been told me by an indulgent father who seemed quite unconscious of its irony. "I have just rung up a hotel to get a bedroom for my wife tonight," he said. "Why," I asked, "is she going out of London?" "Oh, no," was the reply, "but she's not any too well, and my daughter's giving a bottle party in our flat!"

By Baird

She: "Why do you call your maid MacGuinness if it's not really her name?"
He: "Well, you see—she's Scotch and stout!"

With Madame Albani—it seemed unfamiliar to speak of her as Dame Emma Albani—goes the last of the famous singers of the

THE AUTHENTIC "OIRISH" TOUCH

MORE NURSERY RHYMES

ONE FROM THE WEST END

Little Miss Muffet
She sat on a tuffet
But didn't sit there in vain,
There came a big spider,
Who often had eyed her,
And now she's a flat in Park Lane.

CAUGHT NEAR THE COURTS

Simple Simon met a sly man
With a lady fair,
Said Simple Simon to the sly man
"I'd love her life to share!"
Said the sly man to Simple Simon,
"To me she's one of many"—
Divorce proceedings cost poor Simon
Much more than one penny.

A GIGOLO JINGLE

The North Wind doth blow
And we shall have snow
And what will poor Robin do then,
Poor thing?
He'll weather the storm
And keep snug and warm
Beneath some old dowager's wing,
Sweet thing!

IN FELINE FASHION

Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, where have you been?
"Staying with Janet, and, oh, what I've seen!"
Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, what did you there?
I'll tell you what others did if you would care!"

B. W.

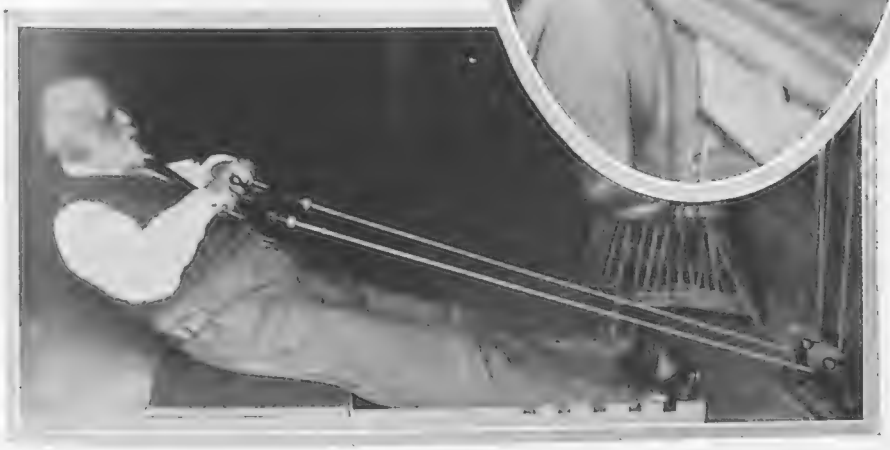
Frances Day, a well-known musical comedy actress, who has lately been filming in "talkies" at Hollywood, and is now singing songs in the Hôtel Splendide Cabaret. One called "Body and Soul" is the one in her repertoire which is most appreciated

Stage Photo Co. Raphael

Much of the fun in the musical comedy, "Darling, I Love You," at the Gaiety Theatre, is provided by Ella Logan, seen on left, a merry Scottish sprite of pronounced individuality

nineteenth century. I fear her last few years (she was close on 80) were not without their worries, and she was given a much-needed pension from the Civil List. She was at her prime long before the days when prima donnas started to receive four-figure fees for one engagement, though there was never a finer soprano. She was a very sweet woman, and did not choose, like so many of her tribe, to be difficile.

THE absence of the old Nationalist Party from the benches of the House of Commons may be a blessing to those who like to see the business of the country conducted with intervals for verbal pyrotechnics and wildly waving Order papers. One thing of which their absence has deprived us, and which we would readily welcome with open arms, is the good old Irish "bull," which afforded the more phlegmatic Briton many a hearty chuckle. It was, therefore, with considerable satisfaction that I learnt from a friend recently returned from the "dishtressful country" that the "bull" still bellows as of yore. On the Shannon, where they are carrying out big electrical schemes, are posts supporting high-tension cables. Attached to each post is a notice which reads: "To touch these wires means instant death. Anyone found doing so will be prosecuted"!



Photopress

The Hobbies of the Great! Sir Oliver Lodge keeping fit by strenuous work at his physical exerciser installed in his house at Lake, Salisbury

Moderns Accept the Dinner-Pyjama Mode

By Blanche B. Elliott

Original evening frock of black chiffon trimmed with incrustation of black lace. Model Jane Regny
Specially sketched for THE BYSTANDER *in Paris*

So often one is asked if one "approves" or "disapproves" of such and such a fashion; if one does not think it "hideous," "unbecoming," "impractical," or just "rather nice." In reply I hasten to point out that my duty as a purveyor of fashion information is to record with the greatest degree of accuracy possible what *is* the fashion—that is, all the very latest news concerning it, and leave it to my fair readers to use their personal judgment upon it. It is for them to exercise their own good taste, for what suits one may not suit another. Frankly, *I* like the long skirts enormously for evening wear. It has given us a beautifully luxurious feeling of being picturesque once more, and has added a thrill to life. But for sports wear—nothing would possibly prevent me from wearing just as short a skirt as I found it most convenient to have.

Plain shantung of sunshine yellow is chosen by Chantal to create these beach pyjamas. There is a tailored chic in the bell-shaped trousers and short, loose coat edged with dog-tooth design Model Chantal

With all this femininity and return to pre-War elegance and elaboration in dress which has aroused so much protest, there is alongside it a greater consideration for the real needs of the sportswoman. Yet this has passed almost without comment; it has not been grasped to the same extent, because it has not been so extensively advertised. It is something more than the great metamorphosis that woman undergoes from the smart, tweed-clad modern of the morning to a trailing-gossamer-robed and scarce recognisable piece of dainty femininity in the evening. While this calls for a wider scope in dress, a greater understanding and knowledge of clothes and a growing appreciation for them, there is still something else.

Fashion is not really the crazy jade she is so often held to be, but rather the vehicle for some new feminine expression of freedom or thought—some new movement of the leading minority which the led have not yet tumbled to or felt the need of. And it is because the French dress creator is such a clever student of feminine psychology that he is able to express in terms of dress woman's newest aspirations or material needs. Thus, the sportswoman is now an accepted fact, and to the practical French mind there seems no reason why she should not be clad in the most suitable manner possible—that is, in trousers. And the divided skirt for almost every sports activity is shown by most leading French houses.

Once this idea is implanted, the pyjama is the theme seized upon to play many dress symphonies, and shown with persistency it is steadily gaining ground. The beach pyjama has been evolved in the interests of decency for beach lounging on the

sunny shores of the Lido or Palm Beach, and is worn over the bathing-suit. It is expressed in gay and flaunting colourings with accessories to match and enormous shady beach hats, now that sun tan has ceased to be the rage it was. Its accompaniments are shoes and bag to match, lined with waterproof, to hold the wet bathing-dress, some sort of a coat, and a parasol. This is an ensemble that is getting more and more attention, and must be taken into consideration before going to any of the gayer seaside resorts abroad.

And for sports wear the trouser, breeches or divided skirt has gradually been accepted, in that it is no longer "shocking." In our own English countryside women are taking quite frankly to breeches for daily wear more and more in grounds and garden, and any band of Sunday walkers always includes the woman in some rather ugly garments clearly intended for the male sex. Molyneux, the English designer, showed some very practical divided skirts for tennis, and, though one French lady has been warned off the turf—or possibly hard court would be more correct—for wearing trousers, no one in the world would take exception to the examples Molyneux shows. With breeches for riding and trousers for winter sports being accepted, it is, of course, more a prejudice of convention than any real objection to them as being either masculine or indecent for any other form of sport. No one showed a real golf outfit, by the way, but Molyneux's model would do most excellently for that if anyone will be brave enough to be the first to wear it! Nor must one omit Patou's striking motor-boat outfit in white flannel with wide bell-shaped "trews." The modern speed boat seems to call for something of the kind, and Patou, as usual, has been one of the first to answer the call.

And there remains yet another expression of the trouser in the robe de studio first launched by Louiseboulanger, which she has done again with such success this season. These are quietly being adopted by smart women in place of the "tea-gown" for the intimate dinner-hour at home, and are the excuse for the most exquisite blending of gorgeous materials. Louiseboulanger shrouds the harem trouser in veilings of diaphanous chiffon or georgette, and suggests the bifurcations beneath rather than reveals them. Gold lace is another medium for the over-dress with lamé pantalons. Molyneux makes what he calls dinner pyjamas with a wide fullness from the knee downwards. There is invariably a tendency for this width round the ankles either with pleats or a sailor's bell trouser, like the one in shantung suit illustrated by Scaioni.

Most interesting, for those in search of novelty, is this liaison of the utterly feminine with what is accepted as the purely masculine fashion of the trouser. Yet we have only to look at the East to find that the most guarded and secluded of women are all clad in the trouser, while the hampering skirt is left to the emancipated Westerner. It is in this, as in so many other things, that convention rules rather than morality, and the wise woman takes advantage of the benefits the gods do send without moralising too deeply.

There is always a special opportunity for individual dress expression afforded by the house-gown. Incidentally, a woman betrays her own particular characteristics in what she wears "at home." The Englishwoman generally leads a sporting athletic existence, and craves when she comes in to change into a restful picturesque type of frock, and thus has evolved the tea-gown. The garment is frankly a matter of wonderment to other nations, who call it such names as "robes intimes," "dîner chez soi," and so on. Now Louiseboulanger has produced the robe de studio, and a species of tea-gown is shown by everyone. It is perhaps symbolic that the nation which uses the word home so effectively should be the one that creates the garment most suitable to wear in it. The charming air of informality it conveys expresses better than any words the essence of hospitality.

Patou conceives this elaborate outfit for a fashionable plage of black satin pyjamas and coat of printed velours worn with a wide-brimmed sun hat. Model Jean Patou

"JOURNEY'S END": THE FILM STORY

The film version of Mr. R. C. Sherriff's world-famous war play, "Journey's End," was first seen by the public last Monday, when it started a season at the Tivoli. The film is a Gainsborough-Welsh Pearson-Tiffany-Stahl production

Capt. Stanhope, played by Colin Clive, who also plays in the stage version, threatens Hibbert, the shirker, for showing the white feather. This is one of the strongest scenes in the film

Above: Billy Bevan as Lieutenant Trotter, the good-natured Cockney ex-ranker, carries out part of his morning toilet under anything but ideal conditions

Right: Ian MacLaren as he appears in "Journey's End." He plays the part of Lieutenant Osborne, the Public Schoolmaster who is Second in Command of the Company

Second-Lieutenant Raleigh, the young subaltern who hero-worships the hard-working, hard-drinking Stanhope, leading his first raid. The part is taken by David Manners

Capt. Stanhope (Colin Clive) leaving his dugout for a spell of duty in the front line

BY SOGATA

WHITE SWANS

BY CHARLES ROBINSON

CURIOSITY

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN

By JOHN HASTINGS TURNER

WHEN James Brandon found not only his own, but also his wife's, honour at stake he accepted the situation as calmly as any man in those circumstances can. Some might say he was a coward or possibly afraid of public opinion, but Brandon was of a type that listened to common sense. The various phases which he passed through and the final terrific climax that resulted are most aptly described in the powerful story by John Hastings Turner

JAMES BRANDON sat in his study and waited. That was all he could do; all that was expected of him. The doctor, a sensitive fellow himself, appeared to understand that sitting still is not always easy, and at odd times he put his head round the door, made some cheery remark, and vanished. The nurse, too, in some unreasonable way offensive in her speckless white and butcher-blue, tried to put aside her sex's feeling of superiority at these times and be nice to him.

Only a moment ago, appearing suddenly and noiselessly, she had said, "Not long now," and vanished before he could murmur the "Thank you" demanded by good manners. Brandon was grateful to both nurse and doctor; they were so obviously doing their best. But in the matter which really stood between him and tranquillity, there was nothing they could do: nothing anyone could do. He faced a situation so cruel, so utterly undeserved, that it was in danger of sweeping away his very bases of justice and reason. Upstairs a child was being born; about him his friends and relatives, pleased that dear old Jim was at last being given one of the few ambitions of his simple, gentle life. They knew that he had always longed for a child. Now he knew that the child was not his. He had known for some weeks. The manner of his hearing was accidental, if anything can be said to be accidental. It was at his club. He sat, half asleep, behind a big painted screen and became drowsily aware of men talking on the other side.

"My God," said one voice, "that fellow Boyne ought to be kicked out of every decent house in London!"

Another muttered something about "poor Brandon."

"There's only one thing," replied his companion, "and that is that the poor devil will never know. Boyne was tight, you know, when he said it. There was a hell of a row: Wakefield threw his hand down on to the table and asked Boyne whether he knew what he had said. That rattled Boyne, and sobered him a bit, but it was obvious that he'd spoken the truth, and he stuck to it. Of course, if he hadn't been tight he'd never have blurted the thing out."

"What happened then?" asked the other voice.

"Wakefield told Boyne about a tenth of what he thought of him (you know Wakefield's tongue!), and all three of them walked out of the card-room, leaving Boyne looking rather like a corpse. He hasn't been to the club since."

"I should think not!" came from the second man. "You mean he said he was the father of Brandon's child?"

THE speakers drifted away, and Brandon did not move. How long he sat there he could not tell. At last he left the club and came home. That was—how long ago? Four weeks, six . . . what did it matter?

His first instinct, of course, had been to find Boyne and call him a liar. For that is what he believed him to be. It was, in a sense, an idea of upholding Mary's honour which moved him most strongly. Had Boyne appeared to him within a few moments of that overheard conversation there would have been no question about it. Brandon would have done his best to kill him—not because he was the father of Mary's child, but because he wasn't. Because he had dared tell such a lie of such a woman. But Boyne was not there. Nobody was there after the two terrible, impersonal voices had drifted away. The club was empty when Brandon left it. And as he walked slowly home his gentle, fastidious mind was veering away from thoughts of fisticuffs. And yet, what other way remained, even in this year of grace, to defend Mary's honour? It was characteristic of the man that he never considered the affront to his own honour. That disturbed him not at all. His was a mind clear, detached, Olympian. To him, had the assertion of Boyne been true, it would reflect nothing upon himself.

And so, as he walked home that day, he revolved the whole incident in his mind, and deliberately fought down and controlled his first impulses. "There is nothing I can do," he told himself, "that will not involve Mary and myself in Boyne's degradation." It was not worth, in his estimation, the contamination with pitch merely in order to satisfy yourself that you had done what might have been expected of you. A rare, limpid soul was Jim Brandon's. Let him have a row with Boyne, and what then? Someone would talk . . . there was a little God of Malice whose business it was to see that Mary should hear of it. And how had he helped her honour then? It would have been grand, of course—grand in the sense that a cold plunge and a swim when one is hot is grand—to have smashed one's fist into Boyne's handsome, dissolute face. But it was, in a larger sense, grander not to. Besides, it would have been a rather crude method.

THERE would be those, of course, who would, hearing the gossip believe it—or, not bothering whether they believed it or not, delight in it, and either pity Brandon or use him as a prop for bawdy fun. He knew this well enough, but, honestly, he cared not at all. Mary's honour, in this fantastic affair, this monstrous drunken lie, was best protected by his silence. For Brandon was like that. Sincere in his love, trying always to work the picture of his life with Mary into—as it were—a perfectly composed English Interior. Portrait, in fact, of a Gentleman. That was before he knew that what Boyne had said at the card-table was true. There was no question about it. Another "accident" had told him that. Mary slept uneasily these latter days, and he slept next door, in his dressing-room. She had asked him to, putting it that she didn't want to disturb his nights.

He had agreed, as he had agreed to any whim of hers lately. That was due to her. . . . But, secretly, as soon as he knew she was asleep it was his habit to open the intervening door a couple of feet and leave it ajar. He did this because he wanted to feel certain of hearing her should she want anything in the night. He was generally glad to get to bed after the day's work, but, however blissfully the sheets and pillows caressed him, he always tried to keep awake until the last minute, just in case she might want him. And, being an old-fashioned man who still said his prayers (and that on his knees, in his striped flannel pyjamas), he added at this time a petition that God, amongst His manifold other duties, might see that he was not too deeply asleep should Mary need him. The wisdom of Heaven is beyond the wisdom of men, and it saw that he was not asleep. He woke quickly, hearing someone talking in the next room. Quickly he pulled his sleepy brain into action. Mary wanted something. He got out of bed and tiptoed to the door. But there he stood still. In the cold light which a street-lamp threw across the floor he could just see her face. She was asleep, but she was talking.

"Rorke, . . . Rorke, darling. . . . Rorke, my dear! Your baby and mine, darling! Oh, Rorke, Rorke . . . ours!"

(All rights strictly reserved)

He stood in the doorway, cold in his pyjamas. But he felt no cold in his body.

Rorke was Boyne's Christian name—Rorke Boyne.

WELL, there it was. Mary's honour. Life not so easy. Not . . . not so easy. He crept back to bed, his bare feet feeling for the familiar floor. And there he lay, staring up at the ceiling, which Mary had had painted a kind of cloudy green. Through the night he lay there gazing at it. And then came the morning, and he realised that Jim Brandon was still Jim Brandon and was called upon to carry on as such. He heard Mary's breakfast being brought to her in the next room. He heard her sweet voice thanking the maid. Then he put on his dressing-gown and went in. She lay there with the strangely beautiful face of the mother, her breakfast tray on her knees. She smiled at him.

"I'm feeling better this morning, dear," she said.

"I'm glad of that," he answered, smiling back at her.

That was all. That had been weeks ago. He had fought the thing out with himself and had arrived at a conclusion. Crystallised, it could be put into two words: "Not now." That was all that was in his mind at the finish. The child must be given its chance. Perhaps, later. . . . And that was where he stood at the moment, waiting in his study, bowing courteously to the doctor and the nurse as they peeped in on their errands of mercy. He hoped that they saw nothing odd, nothing different from the ordinary man expecting to become a father. The dignity of his home demanded that. After all, it *was* his home. He had made it—made, that is to say, the mere address in the Directory, and the sticks inside it. Not a great part of a home that, if you came to think of it. Still, one had worked for it, and for what one had worked one should keep up appearances. . . .

Within an hour or two . . less, perhaps (he knew nothing about these things), there would be a new man or woman in this puzzling business. Not his. But alive, demanding a chance. Not the baby's fault, anyway. He'd got to remember that. Can't let another fellow-creature down, whatever had happened. Any number of people—those clever people who get into the papers—would think him mad. He knew that. They would laugh at him. There was a word for it, a mediæval word . . . what was it? Cuckold. The grand joke of the Middle Ages. But was it a joke? To those who looked on, perhaps. But the woman. . . .

HE was trying hard to see the thing straight, and as his hand covered his eyes there came a discreet knock on the door. He nodded and said, "Come in," expecting again the doctor or the nurse. The maid opened the door.

"Will you see Mr. Boyne?" she asked.

For some seconds the whole thing appeared unreal to him. The maid, the room, the doctor and the nurse upstairs, Mary herself—everything. Then he found himself looking at her, the girl who brought in the dinner, an impersonal, uniformed thing in the past—but now, by reason of the news she brought, real. He noticed that she was freckled over the bridge of the nose and that her eyes were grey. He had never noticed her at all before. She stood in the doorway mute, uninterested. Uninterested! Wasn't that amazing? Not so very amazing, after all. What one didn't know didn't exist. Would he see Mr. Boyne, or would he not? That, in a perfectly impersonal way, was all that interested the maid. That was her job.

"I would like to die now," thought Brandon. "I would like just to die." But he knew that he couldn't die, and that he had got to face the maid with the freckled face. No. He would not see Boyne. It was intolerable that he should see Boyne, or Boyne him. Such a meeting was ugly: it was indecent. Why had Boyne come?

Then suddenly a little flame, as it were, flickered in the recesses of his brain. It was possible there was some mistake? That Boyne had come to explain? He clung to the idea. Yes. Yes, he would see Mr. Boyne. The maid with the freckles disappeared. Of course, that was it. There could be no other reason; the whole thing had been based on some hideous error. Rorke Boyne stood in the doorway. He was turning a gold cigarette-case over and over between his fingers. He spoke slowly.

"There's something between you and me, Brandon," he said, "which I can bear no longer."

What did the fellow mean by that? What was he asked to bear, in God's name?

Rorke came, with hesitating steps, into the room.

"It's hard," he whispered, "to tell you, Brandon, but I've got to do it."

"About my wife?" he said. It was impossible for him to say "Mary." Boyne looked up quickly.

"You know?" he asked. "She has told you?"

BRANDON nodded. So that last hope of his was gone. Boyne had not come to tell him of any mistake. He was playing the coward to an uneasy conscience, that was all. He could not even carry his sins through to the end.

"In a sense," Brandon answered him, "in a sense, she has told me."

Boyne looked at him sharply, then away.

"I'm glad she told you," he said. "That means that she . . . that she . . . " he stumbled and stopped.

"She spoke in her sleep," said Brandon. The words dropped like a pebble into still water. He saw the tip of Boyne's tongue roving round his lips. Then Boyne spoke with difficulty.

"I thought you meant," he said, "I thought you meant . . . " he broke off, and suddenly some latent animal strength came to his rescue.

"There's nothing I can say to you, Brandon," he said. "There is nothing, in the ordinary way, which I should try to say to you. I'm a rotter, and I've grabbed my fun where I could get it, all my life. If—if there wasn't going to be a kid, you'd have heard nothing about it from me. But . . . well, I'm going abroad, Brandon, going for a number of years. I dare say you'll think it a queer thing, but, though I can steal a man's wife, I can't steal his money. I don't pretend to explain the damn thing to myself. I'm sailing on Thursday, and I've come to tell you that it's my kid, and that I'm prepared to pay for it."

Brandon found himself looking across at Boyne as if he was inspecting some curious exhibit in a Museum. What a mess the man's soul was! What did he imagine he was

"Rorke Boyne stood in the doorway. He was turning a gold cigarette-case over and over between his fingers"

Drawn by
FRANK OLDHAM

doing? Being some kind of "sport"? Facing the music? One of those infernally silly phrases, no doubt. But still, like all of his kind, only thinking of himself. He was going abroad, going out of the whole thing. But, because of the tiny irritation of what he was pleased to call his conscience, he was ready to give Mary away, to betray her utterly. Then, as it appeared, he proposed to make himself happy by some financial arrangement and disappear in search of further conquests. Incredible! He noticed that Boyne was licking his lips again.

"I know, Brandon," he said, "that you must be wanting to knock hell out of me." But Brandon stopped him.

"Nothing would induce me to touch you," he said quietly. To hit the thing, to stamp on it, what difference would that make? It would gratify his own immediate physical lust, that was all, just as Rorke Boyne had gratified his. They would become two of a kind. He heard his own voice talking gently, as if reasoning with a child.

"I don't pretend," he said, "to understand you, Boyne. Your attitude, to me, is fantastic. I can only imagine that you haven't the slightest conception of the nature of love. It does not seem to have occurred to you that I love Mary, and that Mary has no idea that I know of . . . of her contamination with you. Whatever feelings she may have had for you I know they can be only . . . only like a kind of thunderstorm. Her home is here, her background is here . . . she herself is really here. She will never know from me that I . . . " He broke off, his temper suddenly rising.

"Do you think," he cried, "that I'll spoil her chances and mine by alleviating your damned, warped little conscience?"

Boyne stared at him, as if he were some monstrous apparition.

"But the kid," he muttered. "The kid. You can't go on, all the rest of your life. . . ." Brandon cut him short.

"My own affairs," he said, "are my own affairs."

Boyne did not move. He still turned his cigarette-case round and round between his fingers. At last he thrust it suddenly into his pocket.

"Anyway," he said abruptly, "I have done my best." Then he turned, without another look at Brandon, and left the room.

Done his best! The words raced round in Brandon's brain. So his little conscience was happy again! It was, it could have been funny. And what was that he had said, "You can't go on all the rest of your life. . . "

Couldn't he? But he must. The thing that mattered was Mary. And if Mary never wanted to tell him the truth, still the thing that mattered was Mary.

English Interior. One could keep the picture calm, reposeful, even decent, still, if one concentrated upon the picture alone. He sighed gently, and leaning back in his chair, closed his eyes. Before his mind travelled the pictures he had meant to make . . . One after another they slid silently before him. They spared him nothing—not even the Eton and Harrow match, where he stood on a coach-top, a wildly cheering boy clinging to his arm. A church, where he was giving away the bride. . . . It seemed as if somebody was actually squeezing the heart out of him.

THEN the door opened and the doctor came in. Brandon opened his eyes and rose slowly to his feet.

"Don't get up," said the doctor. "You're tired out. And I'm afraid . . . my news is not what I wished it to be.'

"Mary?" whispered Brandon. Perhaps that was God's solution of the thing. But what a cruel misunderstanding of a solution! Surely God knew that Mary——that Mary ——that without Mary there could be no picture at all.

The doctor continued:

"Your wife is perfectly all right," he said. "But the boy——there's some malformation of the lungs. I'm afraid, Mr. Brandon, he cannot be said to have ever lived."

"I see. Nothing could have been done to save him?"

"Nothing. The lungs—there was some pressure, perhaps—they could never have expanded."

Brandon said nothing.

"I'm sorry to have to tell you that," murmured the doctor.

Brandon put out his hand.

"I am quite certain," he said, "that you did everything you could. Perhaps, in an hour or two, I might be allowed to sit with Mary for a few minutes? There is not much one will be able to say to her——but——"

The doctor nodded.

"In less time than that," he replied. "Just ask Nurse." He shook hands again. "I'm damned sorry, Brandon," he said.

In the hall he came across the nurse.

"He took it wonderfully," he told her. "As far as one can tell with that controlled type. May crack later, of course . . . but I don't think so. Let him see his wife as soon as you can."

Half an hour later Brandon tiptoed into the bedroom and took Mary's hand.

"I'm so sorry, dear," he whispered. "All you've been through, and then this . . . "

Her fingers squeezed his. Her voice came from a far distance.

"I'm not sorry," she said; "not sorry . . . later . . . later . . . when I'm stronger, tell you why, Jim, dear . . . got to tell you why. . . . Perhaps you'll hate me. . . ."

He put his lips close to her ear.

"I know, my darling," he said. "I know why. . . . It makes no difference. Go to sleep."

She sighed deeply, like a child. Her fingers tightened round his. He sat still as she slept.

Portrait, in fact, of a Gentleman. J. H. T.

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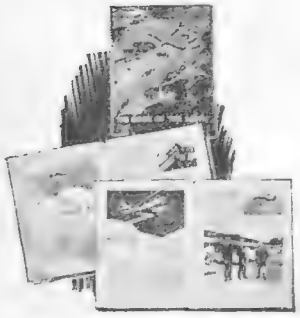

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THE FREEDOM OF THE AIR

Its Pleasures and Benefits

By Capt. C. E. Ward

THE DE HAVILLAND MOTH

One of the most popular of all aeroplanes used exclusively throughout the World. Its great advantage lies in its extremely sturdy construction

Why You Should Fly

THERE are no longer any remote possibilities about flying; it takes place over our heads every day, whether we like it or not. One finds that the majority of people who don't like it have never flown and it is sad to think that many of them will die without realising that by flying they can view the world in its true perspective—a thing of beauty unspoiled by man, where familiar landmarks appear as mere toys on some vast stage. But so much for the view—there are many other more practical reasons why one should fly. In what we are apt to call the civilised world most people travel occasionally by car or train. Neither of these can be termed ideal vehicles for transport because they proceed on a roundabout course, and, whenever one is really in a hurry, suffer from an inferiority complex in the matter of speed. There is only one way of going direct from anywhere to anywhere, and that is by air. Many people don't go that way because it hasn't occurred to them that flying is convenient, speedy and comfortable, costing no more than first class travel by train, steamer or car, especially if time is of any value.

The Rising Generation

YOUNG people accept flying as an obvious means of travel, away from the dust and bustle that confound their elders who are still earthbound. If you have never flown and are young enough to appreciate a new pleasure or old enough to value comfort, go by Imperial Airways to Paris—in any case it's cheaper than by the Golden Arrow, and you arrive in time for lunch. Let your children move with the times by joining a flying club. If they prove apt pupils, flying will broaden their outlook, teach them self-reliance and encourage that spirit of enterprise tempered by caution which is so necessary to success in this world. Neither age nor a technical mind has anything to do with aptitude for flying; nearly everyone who is physically fit can become a pilot. Sir Horace Plunkett takes lessons at 75, Sir Hugh Clifford at 63; Mr. A. J. Richardson piloted himself to Holland at 67, and only a fortnight ago the Rector of Paisley made his first solo flight at the age of 60. Women learn as readily as men, and where passenger flying is concerned, they are usually in the majority.

Learning to Fly

THE facilities for learning to fly are well distributed, though Londoners have a wider choice than those living in Scotland, for instance, where the Scottish Flying Club at Renfrew caters for the whole country. In the early days people taught themselves to fly, often at the expense of several machines, so that this method is not recommended. Instruction can be obtained at Flying Schools, such as those at Brooklands, Stag Lane and Heston, all near London, at Hanworth Park, the headquarters of National Flying Services, or any of that Company's provincial centres, and at Members' Clubs, like the London Aeroplane Club at Stag Lane, the Bristol and Wessex at Bristol Airport, the Lancashire Club at Woodford, etc. For reference purposes a complete list of clubs and schools is included elsewhere in this issue.

Central News

A ROYAL OWNER

One of the keenest sportsmen in the air is the Prince of Wales, who owns a Moth and flies whenever possible

Flight

An all-metal Bluebird machine specially designed so that two people can sit side by side

HOW THE NOVICE CAN LEARN THE ROPES

THE COMPER SWIFT. A NEW MONOPLANE

One of the most popular single seaters. It is priced at £400

Flying Schools

THE Flying School offers the beginner a complete course on a light 'plane, similar to the machine which, in all probability, he or she will eventually own. De Havillands, at Stag Lane, have a school for ground engineers, and courses to cover the most advanced tests required by the Air Ministry for professional pilots. At Heston, which is an Airport, solo pupils can receive advice by wireless from the instructor on the ground. The Brooklands School specialises on advanced instruction in aerobatics, as well as teaching the art of flying the right way up, which you and I probably prefer. Marshall's, at Cambridge; W. R. Parkhouse, at Haldon, South Devon; the Blackburn School, at Brough; and Phillips and Powis, at Reading, are amongst those in the Provinces. The cost of learning at a school varies from £4 to £6 an hour, and the average person can assume that a course for an "A" ticket will not work out at less than £50 nor more than £100.

National Flying Services

THE headquarters of N.F.S. at Hanworth Park is a Country Club in addition to being a flying centre. There is an entrance fee of five guineas with a yearly subscription of a similar amount, these figures being reduced to three and three in the case of provincial centres at such places as Hull, Reading, Nottingham and Leeds, where the local clubs are part of the national organisation. Instruction on the familiar black and yellow machines of N.F.S. costs £3 an hour, decreasing to £2 10s. an hour for the period between a first solo and an "A" Licence, after which solo flying can be carried out at £2 an hour, which is still further reduced to 30s. an hour after twenty-five hours.

THE LATEST MOTH SIX SEAPLANE *Aeroplane*

This machine is of special interest and is fitted with the 240 h.p. geared Lynx engine

PREPARING TO TAKE OFF

A photograph of a Short Mussel receiving a final inspection before taking off. The Mussel has proved itself to be a most successful amphibian

Members' Clubs

WITH the exception of that run by the Household Brigade, Members' Clubs are open to everyone keen on flying, whether they wish to acquire the gentle art or not. Until this year the majority of such clubs were subsidised on such a scale as enabled them to offer really cheap facilities, and one could learn to fly for £25 to £30, but the Treasury having taken a shorter view of their value, the low rates in force may have to be increased in some cases. Even so, they should still offer the cheapest rates, and as most of them have been established for some years, they will attract enough new members this year to bridge the gap between the old and new subsidy.

Safety First

ALTHOUGH it is fashionable to be agin' the Government, there is no doubt that our official regulations and their painless method of enforcement have had a lot to do with making flying safe in this country.

MACHINES IN PLENTIFUL VARIETY

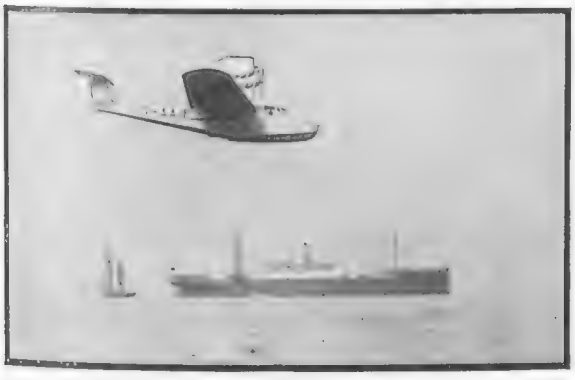
Not forgetting that British light 'planes are admittedly the finest in the world, as proved by their sales in other manufacturing countries, and that British pilots, especially as instructors, are second to none, the regulations about overhauls, maintenance and Certificates of Airworthiness are so stringent that one can recommend any of the Schools or Clubs without exception. For people who are in a hurry or for those to whom money is no particular object, the Schools have the advantage over the Clubs in that there is no waiting list. If more pupils arrive, additional machines and instructors are obtained, and given fine weather, a pupil can become an "A" pilot in 10 days or a fortnight. This doesn't mean sufficient experience to fly round the world, but enough to fly safely within sight of home. Cross-country flying, whether over the Home Counties or across Africa, is a matter of navigation, which is acquired through study and experience. Mr. Chichester put in more than 300 hours' flying in England and on the Continent before setting out on his successful flight to Australia. On the other hand, many pilots have toured the Continent with no more than 100 hours to their credit. National Flying Services and the Members' Clubs have an unlimited capacity for absorbing members, and the decision as to whether to join National Flying Services at Leeds or the Cinque Ports Club at Folkestone depends largely on where one lives.

Machines to Buy

MACHINES for the private owner range from the single-seater Comper Swift at £400 to a three-engined Avro 5, carrying four in comfort, at nearly £4,000. There are land 'planes, such as the Moth, seaplanes like the Short Mussel, amphibians such as the Cutty Sark, and flying yachts of the de luxe type as recently delivered to the Hon. A. E. Guinness by Supermarines. The Moth, the Avian and the Bluebird, with side-by-side seating, are just as efficient as seaplanes. Recent tests of the Cutty Sark and Mussel amphibians have demonstrated the obvious advantages of a land machine which takes like a duck to water. The Desoutter Saloon and the more recent machines from de Havillands, the Moth III and the Moth VI, are equally suitable for private use or as air taxis. The type of machine to buy depends largely on the purse, but so far the open two-seater at £600 to £900 has been most popular, though there are already signs of a movement in favour of the saloon, which is slightly more expensive taking the average of those available. Looking ahead a few years, one can visualise the sports car of the air as an open machine with an adjustable coupé top like the present Moth, a similar but slower type being used for instruction, whilst the saloon will correspond to its prototype on the road for family touring and taxi work, combining comfort with utility.

GOING ALL OUT! F. L. WESTLEY

An impression of a Fairey Firefly II in flight. This machine is one of the two fastest single-seater fighters in the world



THE CUTTY SARK

A modern air yacht for four people

Making the Wheels Go Round

MACHINES being sold as going concerns, complete with engines, the purchaser is apt to accept the engine without question, forgetting that an efficient engine made the present type of light 'plane possible. Fortunately, each of the four main types of medium power unit has proved itself a winner. The 85-95 h.p. Cirrus was first in the field, its brilliant perform-

A FEW FACTS AND FIGURES

ance being enhanced later by a bigger brother, the Hermes. The Gipsy has developed from 100 to 125 horse power and carries De Havilland's guarantee (subject, of course, to some quite normal conditions) to repair any aircraft delivered to its owner new, which suffers a forced landing due to the failure of the engine. The Genet is the smallest of the famous Armstrong Siddeley family of radial engines. Since this number appeared last year the average cruising speed of a light 'plane has increased by 10 miles an hour to 90, whilst safe landing speed has decreased slightly through the use of slots. A two-seater machine consumes a gallon of petrol for every 20 miles, and does 500-600 miles on a gallon of oil. The number of record performances put up by such essential products as Castrol, B.P., and K.L.G., to mention a few of the most notable, is only equalled by their steady service given to the private owner and to the clubs and schools throughout the world. It is pleasant to record the fact that British light 'planes enjoy a world-wide circulation, so that wherever the Club member or private owner may go, agents and engineers will be found who maintain our standard of A1 at Lloyd's.

An Avian fitted with a Hermes engine. Standing beside it are Mr. Allen, of Henly's, and Flying-Officer Thorne, the Cirrus Test Pilot

Sales and Service

AEROPLANES are now sold over West End counters, and trial flights from the local aerodrome can be arranged at a moment's notice. Whilst the makers still welcome a customer at the factory, they are relying more and more for distribution on agents, which means that one can walk into a showroom and examine a machine in comfort. Auto Auctions are world-wide distributors for the Bluebird, Henly's have the agency for Avians, Lewis and Barnard deal in Moths, and the Comper Swift, whilst Selfridges sell all types, both British and foreign. The principle of barter has taken on a new lease of life, for your old car can be exchanged for a new 'plane or your new car for a second-hand 'plane, depending, of course, on their relative values. The agent will arrange your flying lessons, advise on the lay-out of a private aerodrome, and provide you with a hangar which need be no larger than your garage to take a machine with folded wings.

Running Costs and Overheads

THE Schools, the Clubs, and National Flying Services offer full facilities to private owners for garaging and service, the former costing from 15*s.* to 25*s.* per week, according to the size of machine. A top overhaul of the engine after 10,000 miles costs about the same as that for a car engine, and as for the machine itself nothing is needed except an occasional inner tube, a tail skid and perhaps, after 150 hours or so, a control wire may need renewing. Engines can be run between complete overhauls for three to five hundred hours. There is the classic test case of the Gipsy Moth which ran for 600 hours in a Moth on all kinds of flying, consuming Pratt's No. 1 and Castrol, at a total cost of 1*d.* per mile flown. The mileage amounted to 51,000 without decarbonising or valve grinding, and the total cost of replacements at the end of the run was £7 2*s.* 11*d.* based on retail prices. The cost of insurance still depends largely on the individual; it has come down for a good pilot and increased for a careless one. Many pilots are content to cover only third-party risks, the rates for total loss and damage to the machine being as high as 20 per cent. for a newcomer in the first year, decreasing below 10 per cent. when experience has proved him a safe risk. Judging by a current second-hand price list, the depreciation of light 'planes is less than in the case of cars of equal value.

Examples and Experiences

TO Paris and back by light 'plane costs £2 2*s.* for two people, including petrol, oil, and landing fees. A Moth operated by the Hampshire Club for some years consumed 3*d.* an hour in maintenance charges during its last six months in service before disposal as a second-hand machine. Squadron-Ldr. Wynne-Eaton operated a Moth in Rhodesia for 225 hours at a total running cost of £2, excluding, of course, petrol and oil. The cost per mile of running any light 'plane is in inverse proportion to the mileage. For instance, a figure of 4½*d.* per mile will cover everything on a basis of 10,000 to 12,000 miles a year, but this figure comes down to 3½*d.* for 250 hours or 22,000 miles. Squadron-Ldr. Probyn, an experienced pilot and private owner of many years' standing, who makes frequent tours on the Continent with a Westland Widgeon, has proved that flying costs roughly the same as a tour by a 14 h.p. car.

Travel by Air and Take Your Ease

ONE of the great advantages of owning a light 'plane is the fact that it is ready to go anywhere. Paris is within shopping distance, Switzerland, Biarritz and the Riviera are available for a long week-end, and Scotland and Ireland are within four or five hours of London. For the passenger by air there are lines to all the principal towns of Europe; India is but seven days from Croydon, and very shortly the whole of British Africa will be opened up by a regular service taking seven days to the Equator and eleven to Cape Town. Distance is no longer a matter of miles, but one of hours or days. The modern highway is the airway; it needs no maintenance, and imposes no strain on man or machine which they are not designed to meet. Flying will become in course of time the cheapest method of travel. Even now it is used by thousands not privileged to pay super tax. If you have not yet been admitted to the "freedom of the air," take a flight to-morrow; a holiday by air can be one of the most delightful things imaginable, combining as it does sport and pleasure unlimited.

C. E. W.

COMING EVENTS, 1930.

April 19-22.....	Leicester Club Flying Meeting—Desford Aerodrome.
April 21	Hanworth—National Flying Services Meeting.
May 31	Bristol Air Pageant—Official Opening of Municipal Aerodrome, Whitchurch.
June 7	Reading—Woodley Aerodrome—N.F.S. Meeting.
June 9	Northampton Club Flying Meeting—Sywell.
June 14	Manston—R.A.F. Garden Party.
June 15	Nottingham—Tollerton Aerodrome—N.F.S. Meeting.
June 21	Heston—Household Brigade Meeting.
June 21	Teignmouth—Annual Air Rallye at Haldon.
June 26	Ipswich Air Pageant—Official Opening of Municipal Aerodrome.
June 27	R.A.F. Dinner Club—Annual Dinner.
June 28	Hendon—R.A.F. Display.
July 5	Heston—King's Cup Air Race.
July 13	Sherburn-in-Elmet, Leeds—N.F.S. Meeting.
July 19	Hull—N.F.S. Meeting—Municipal Aerodrome.
July 20 to Aug. 7	International Touring Competition for Light 'Planes—starting from Berlin.
July 26	Norwich Club—Flying Meeting.
Sept. 6	Bristol Club—"At Home" at Whitchurch.
Sept. 6-28.....	Stockholm—International Aero Show.
Sept. 20	Liverpool Air Pageant.
Sept. 27	Hanworth—National Flying Services Pageant.
Nov. 28 to Dec. 14	Paris—International Aero Show.

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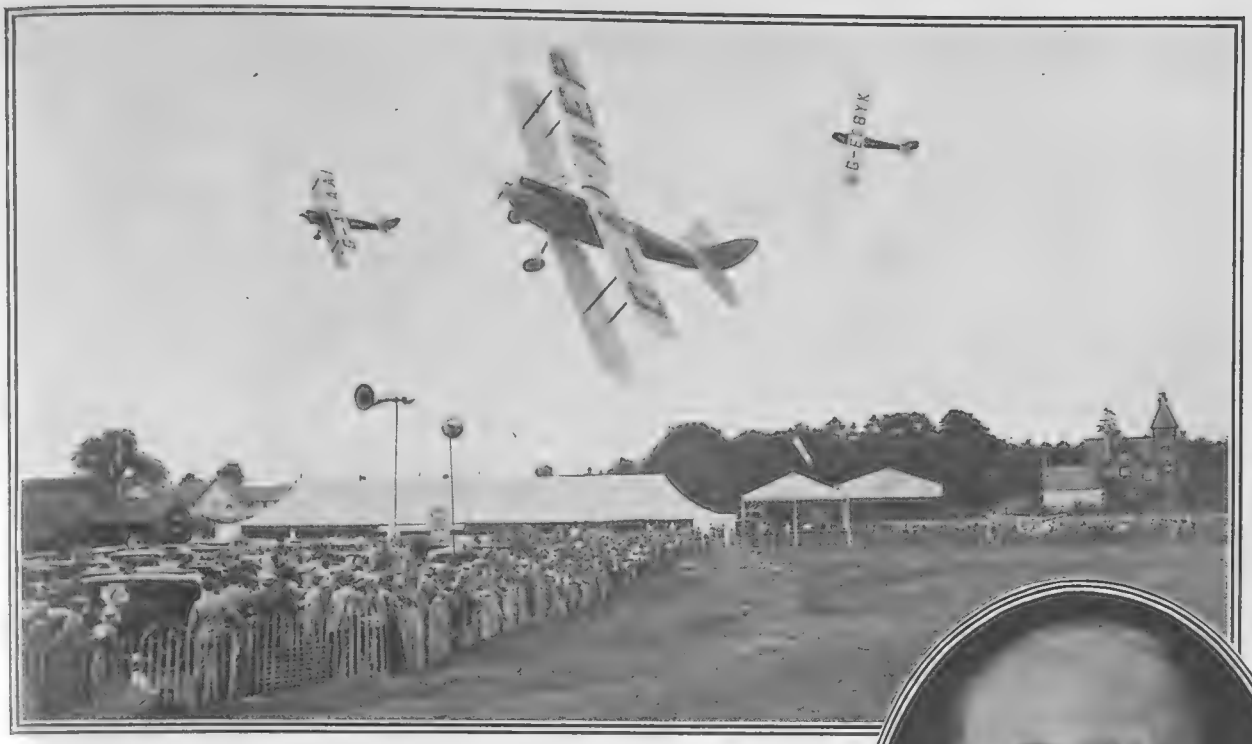


Aeroplanes taking off during the progress of a race held at Marshall's Aerodrome, at Cambridge. These race meetings are rapidly becoming popular, since they afford the spectators a series of thrills which cannot be witnessed elsewhere

AVIATION AS A CAREER

By Lord Wakefield of Hythe

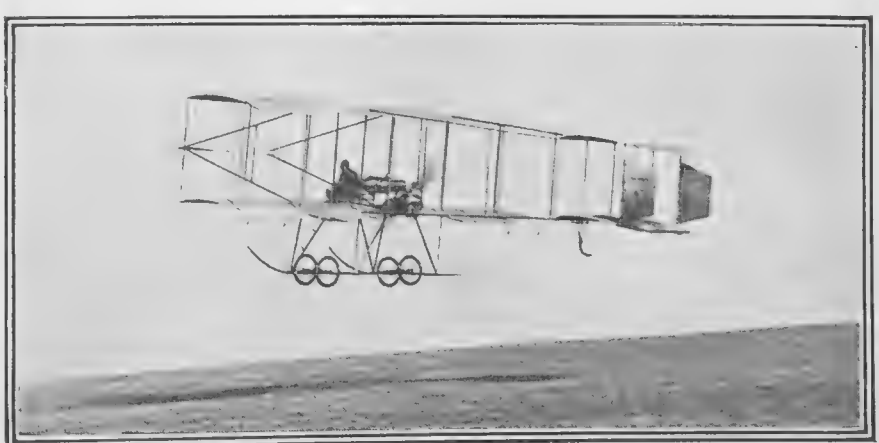
Howard Coster

LORD WAKEFIELD OF HYTHE, C.B.E., LL.D.,
Who has been a great supporter of aviation from its earliest days. He is Vice-President of the Royal Aero Club and President of the Lancashire Aero Club amongst others

MOST of what I have to say is immediately applicable to present conditions, but I am writing with an eye to the future. Whatever can be said about Aviation as a career just as present is bound to take on the character of a prophetic outline rather than that of a guide to a long-established group of industrial and commercial enterprises. Imagine the position of your great-grandfather had he, some ninety years ago, been invited to write about careers on our railways! As with railways then, so with aviation now. Everything in aviation is in a state not of flux, but of rapid and incalculable growth. So much by way of introduction.

THE more one thinks about the conquest of the air the wider the horizon that seems to come within one's ken. Flying itself already offers many opportunities to intelligent boys of all classes. To the sanguine schoolboy or to his parents I would offer this thought for consideration; piloting is among the less important features of aviation! To take up flying merely to attain free access to the "joy-stick" is to treat a great opportunity in a spirit of schoolboyish levity. Skill as a pilot has its commercial value, but it is to be feared that eventually the pilot, if he is not also a specialist, will be employed and remunerated in the same way as a chauffeur or motor coach driver to-day.

HAVING in mind the case of the young man of 17 or 18 who has received the normal education, the Royal Air Force, both for the experience it affords and as a means of subsequent approach to civil aviation, has much to recommend it. Admission to the R.A.F. is by means of the entrance examination to the Cadet College at Cranwell, or by nomination from a University. A short-service Commission in the Royal Air Force is for five years, at the end of which an officer leaves the Service with a gratuity of nearly £400, having as a further asset his record in one of the Services of the Empire. The State offers excellent facilities for acquiring vocational knowledge during the last two years of service. When the time comes to find civilian employment, the short-service Commission officer



IN DAYS OF OLD

A Bristol Box Kite of 1910. Who would recognise the ancestor of the Bristol Fighter or even the "Bull Dog" of to-day? The Box Kite did 50 miles an hour all out, whilst the Bull Dog flies at 200

EVERYONE IS FLYING TO-DAY

may not get into Civil Aviation immediately, but I write these notes envisaging a tremendous all-round development in aviation during the next decade.

I CONSIDER that a man who enters the R.A.F. with one of these five-year Commissions, resolved to equip himself for a professional career in aviation, has an excellent chance of succeeding in his aim. His experience as a flying officer will accustom him to command men; it will entail periods of duty overseas; it will give him discipline, character and poise. He will be familiar with all types of machines and their maintenance in extremes of climate. He will have an opportunity of advanced study in the technical branches, which include wireless telephony, aerial photography, navigation, meteorology, and engineering, in addition to the actual military subjects. Obviously, the man who has taken full advantage of this comprehensive training has something to offer to commercial flying, and I am not, of course, overlooking the fact that an officer of brilliant attainments will be in the running for a permanent Commission.

IT may be as well to point out that a boy of 14 or so can also enter the Royal Air Force with good prospects by way of the Halton School for Apprentices. Having passed the entrance examination, his opportunities depend upon his own ability and diligence. There is even a bridge between Halton and Cranwell, and if he is awarded a Cadetship he will proceed thereafter on the lines already indicated, so that Halton is well worth consideration.

THE alternative to service in the Royal Air Force is some form of apprenticeship to an aircraft firm. The great thing in industrial apprenticeship is genuine keenness and determination. The routine work for the first few years may easily be monotonous, but so many are content with routine that the young man who is alert and intelligently curious can scarcely fail to be noted and given his opportunity. It should not be necessary to warn the "gentleman apprentice" against holding his privileges in light esteem. The essence of the privilege is the opportunity to gain the practical knowledge and skill of the workman with the added advantage of the prospect of executive or administrative employment afterwards. If he is successful in his subsequent career, he will owe much to the men amongst whom he has worked.

L.N.A.

IT'S NEVER TOO LATE!

The Rt. Hon. Sir Horace Plunkett, who has been learning to fly at 75, seen at Brooklands with one of his instructors, Captain E. A. Jones

BESIDE THEIR BUS

Mr. Loel Guinness seen beside his Gipsy Moth at Stag Lane, with his wife, who was formerly the Hon. Jane Barbara Yarde-Buller

A THEATRICAL STAR TAKES A LESSON Planet News

Miss Marjorie Mars, the clever young actress who plays lead in the new play, "Insult," due at the Little Theatre to-day (Wednesday), has taken up flying. She is seen having a lesson in swinging the prop. from Capt. E. A. Jones

ANY young man who seriously desires advancement in aviation should learn to fly. It is important to discover one's aptitude for flying. A strict medical examination and a test in the remarkable device known as the Reid Indicator will settle the point. Flying Clubs in all parts of the country offer facilities for learning to fly. The Flying School conducted by Messrs. De Havilland is particularly suitable, as its object is to provide the training necessary to secure a ground engineer's licence in addition to teaching the art of flying, pupils obtaining Licence "A" for private and "B" for commercial pilots.

I MUST just mention the possibilities of entering aviation through commerce. This is no reason why a youth who starts in an office should not do as well in his own sphere as the apprentice in a workshop. He will do well to study flying and to obtain a grasp of the technical side.

WHAT are the branches of aviation into which men who have qualified in one of the ways described may enter? Already they are numerous. Here are some that spring at once to the mind:—

Passenger services.
Air mail services.
Air "taxi" services, Holiday Tours and "Joy-rides."
Aerial Survey.
Aircraft construction—'planes and/or engines.
Aircraft accessories and components.
Consulting engineers.
Aerodrome construction and lighting.
Research work and technical instruction.
Journalism and advertising.

THERE are numerous subdivisions to these. Air Mail and Passenger Services, such as those conducted by Imperial Airways, need elaborate financial, commercial and publicity organisation, besides pilots and ground engineers. The forthcoming new route from Cairo to Cape Town, 6,000 miles long, will provide enlarged opportunity. In regard to aircraft construction, research workers, designers, works managers and test pilots are among those required. Night flying is essential for the economic working, particularly of mail services; here is another field for investigation by manufacturers. One of the great successes in the use of aeroplanes has been found to be in Air Survey. It offers openings especially to men with university degrees in the appropriate subjects who have the right "pioneer" temperament.

AVIATION vies with broadcasting as food for speculation from the social and international point of view. It should be an inspiration to men of imagination to play their part in the development of aviation as a link between distant peoples. Great Britain and the Commonwealth of the British peoples will be drawn into ever closer contact, and the geographical distribution of the various parts of the Empire provides the ground-plan for a world-wide Imperial air service. To assist in building up such a service will be a fit task for men in the days to come.

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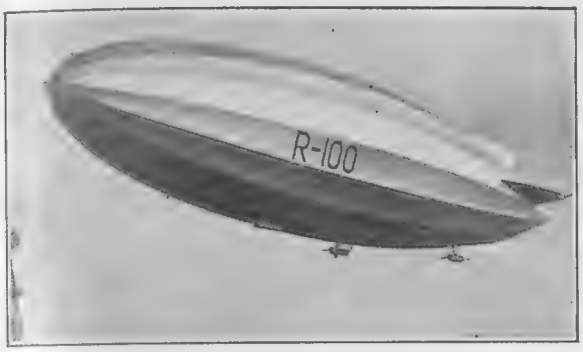

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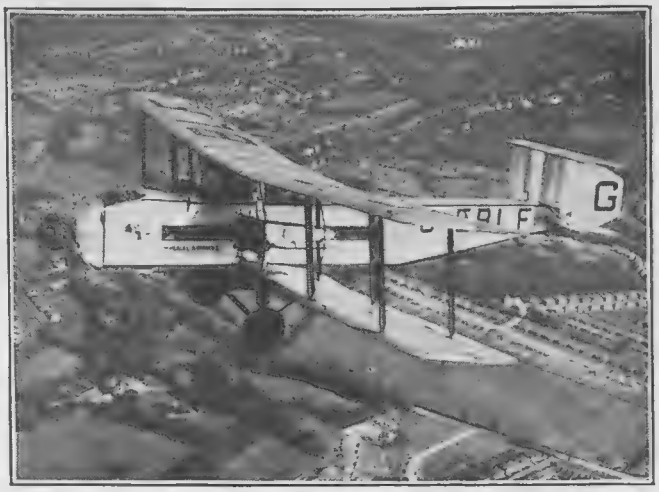

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C.F.H.

My Long-Distance Flight

By Winifred Spooner

I HOPE to convince the reader of the ease and safety of flying for the private individual. There are many who would think nothing of a motor tour through Africa or the Continent, and yet regard such a journey undertaken by air as full of dangers, discomforts and difficulties. There are visions of prolonged delays necessitated by bad weather, intense cold, and the inconvenience of wearing sidcot suits, helmets and goggles.

UNFORTUNATELY, what danger there is in flying, owing to its news value, has always been broadcast and exaggerated by the daily Press, thereby doing much to retard the advance of civil aviation. Accidents are bound to occur in every form of sport or mode of travel. The death roll due to accidents in the hunting field or at point-to-point meetings has reached 17 for this year, yet no headlines announce this fact. One gets no true idea of the safety of civilian flying by taking into consideration crashes which occur in the Royal Air Force. It must be borne in mind that the training of R.A.F. pilots necessitates flying by night, acrobatics, formation flying, and other highly skilled, and consequently more dangerous, manœuvres than need ever be practised by private individuals. Also, it must be remembered, many Service machines are entirely different from civil aircraft, being built for speed and manœuvrability rather than concentrating on safety and stability.

SO much for safety. Now concerning comfort. It is true if one prefers to fly in an open machine, or funds do not permit the purchase of a coupé, that a helmet, goggles and a sidcot suit or warmly lined leather coat are a necessity in winter. But with the advent of closed-cabin machines, such as the Puss Moth, the Desoutter, etc., the "teddy bear" outfit becomes absolutely unnecessary; in fact, the cabins being heated, even fewer warm wraps are required than are used for motoring.

THE true story of my travels a week or so ago will, I think, demonstrate the advantages of flying. On Friday, March 28, I left Hanworth Aerodrome en route for Aintree by air at precisely 12 o'clock midday; lunched before the Grand National, and afterwards walked round part of the course; arriving back at Hanworth at 6.15 p.m., with plenty of time to dine comfortably in Town or return home to Wokingham at a reasonable hour. The following day I again went to Aintree, but this time by train. I stayed the night in Town in order to be at Euston by 8.20 a.m. I was in time for the first race, but had to leave before the last one, arriving back in London at 9 p.m., exceedingly weary and very dirty. It was not till 12 o'clock midnight that I finally stepped off the train at Wokingham, and I do not think there is any need to comment on which mode of travel was the most comfortable.

FLYING, I am convinced, is the easiest manner of travelling and the most effective way of seeing any new country. I am not suggesting it is, as yet, the easiest, though without doubt it would be the most interesting way of travelling, say, to Australia or China. In my recent trip to East Africa with Capt. Guest's expedition, though actually only in that country 10½ weeks, we saw more of it than most of the inhabitants have ever seen, and all in perfect comfort. The three machines were shipped out to Kenya, unpacked, assembled, rigged and tested at Nairobi, all within a week by one mechanic assisted by the three pilots, which speaks well for the simple construction and ease of assembly of the ubiquitous Moth.

A STUDY IN CONTRASTS
Transport—Ancient and Modern

CERTAINLY Kenya and Tanganyika are ideal countries for flying. The pilot's worst enemy, fog, simply does not exist; poor visibility is almost unheard of, and rainstorms in the majority of cases are local, with distinct walls or sides which can be flown round with ease. The distances from one town or settlement to another being great, and the roads indifferent, if not downright appalling and impassable in bad weather, the full advantages of flying can really be appreciated. There are, however, two very important factors which are hindering the progress of aviation in these Colonies: first, the lack of money; and, secondly, the fact that time in East Africa is of no account whatsoever; therefore hours saved by flying rarely represent hard cash as is the case in England and Europe.

Miss Winifred Spooner photographed in Paris last year before the start of the circuit of Europe, in which she flew her own Moth as one of the two British entrants. She tells the story of her recent African flight in the accompanying article

MY first flight was one from Nairobi to Entebbe, in Uganda, by way of Kisumu, and for the first time I looked into the crater of an extinct volcano, that of Longinot. To anyone new to the country, as I was, the flight was brimful of interest. The quick change from the coffee plantations and banana groves round Nairobi to the scanty cultivation of the Rift Valley, where the edges of the lakes were pink with flocks of flamingoes, followed by the forested slopes of the Mau and the wheat farms on its summit, then the rough, broken and uncultivated country on the western side of the Mau, and finally the flat plain or basin of Lake Victoria Nyanza, was a valuable lesson in geography. Flying along the shore of the lake, the expanse of water appears so great that it is hard to realise it is just a fresh-water lake.

I REMEMBER on one occasion, when flying up the Rift Valley, on the outskirts of a rainstorm, I flew for several minutes in the midst of a complete and perfect rainbow, one end of which touched the propeller boss, whilst the other disappeared into the rudder; I had, in fact, found where the rainbow ends!

(Continued on page 148)

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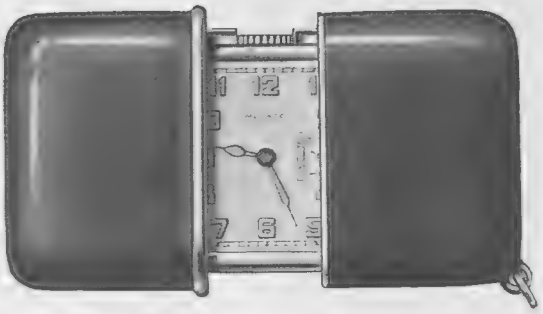

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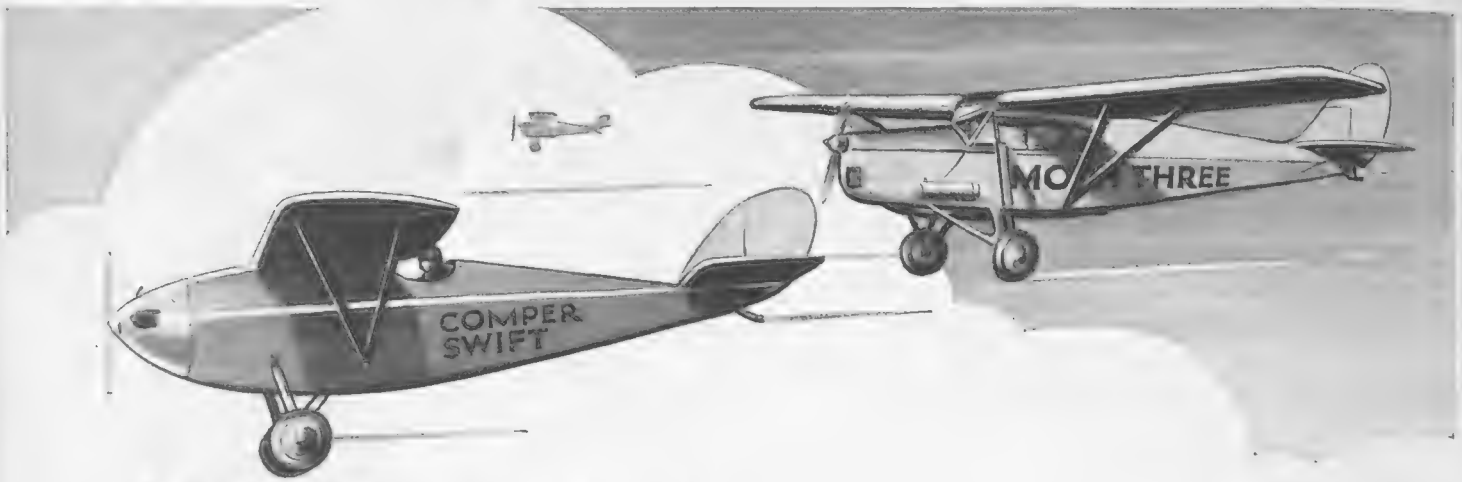

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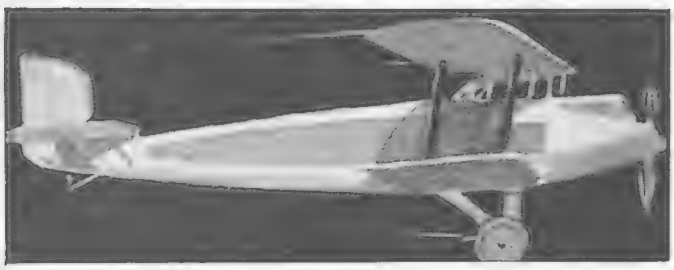

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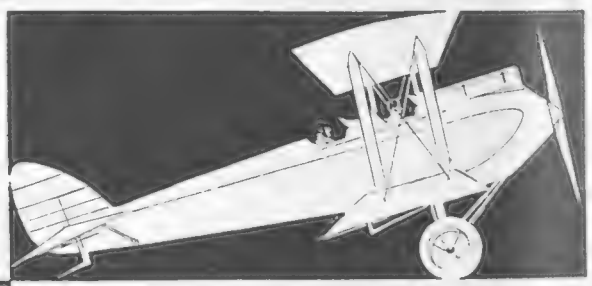

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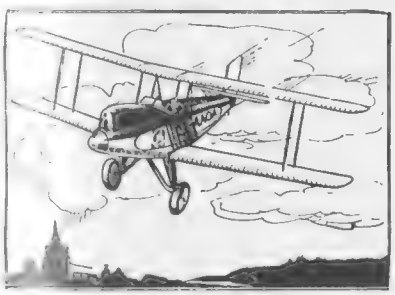

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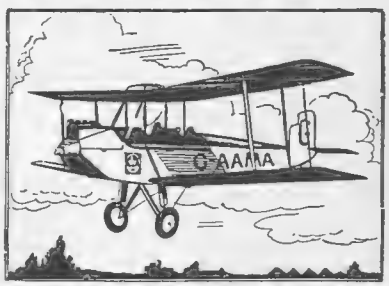

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BOOKLET

MY LONG-DISTANCE FLIGHT (continued from page 144)

ABOUT mid-December, having finished most of the reconnoitring work with the 'planes, Capt. Guest decided to go into camp near Babati in Tanganyika, and I think he is the first person to have gone on "safari" in an aeroplane. The Moth proved an ideal machine for this purpose, her strong, divided undercarriage, with its wire track, enabled her to be taxied over rough ground to the side of the camp, while with her wings folded back she remained as firm as a rock in any wind short of a gale.

TOWARDS the end of December we made a very interesting trip into the crater of Ngoro Ngoro, which is an enormous extinct volcano, the rim standing 2,000ft. above the floor, the latter a perfectly flat tableland measuring about twelve miles by two. No road penetrates this natural stronghold, half of which is game preserve. We camped there for four days, and had we not had aeroplanes it would have taken us those four days to get into the crater on foot. During our stay in Africa we visited many other places impossible to enumerate here. We never experienced much difficulty about landing; it was amazing how quickly a strip of ground into the prevailing wind could be cleared of bush, boulders, stones and pig-holes, and made fit for landing.

THE flight home started on January 12, and all went according to plan, another proof of the ease of flying. Not once during the whole time we were in Africa, or on the journey home, did we have the slightest engine trouble. We stopped one night at Wadi Halfa, and the Provincial Governor told us he had had no fewer than thirty 'planes through that month; but, in spite of the great strain on his hospitality by all these travellers, he entertained us and looked after us most royally. Nobody bothered us very much about Customs and passports until we reached Italy, or rather Sicily, and there, owing to the lack of triptyques, it took us longer to reach the hotel from the aerodrome than to fly from Tunis to Catania. After this the flight continued very pleasantly and uneventfully till we reached Lyons; between Lyons and Paris we ran into heavy snow-storms, which made us think regretfully of African heat and sunshine, and so ended at Le Bourget a delightful and instructive trip. W. S.

My machine in camp in East Africa

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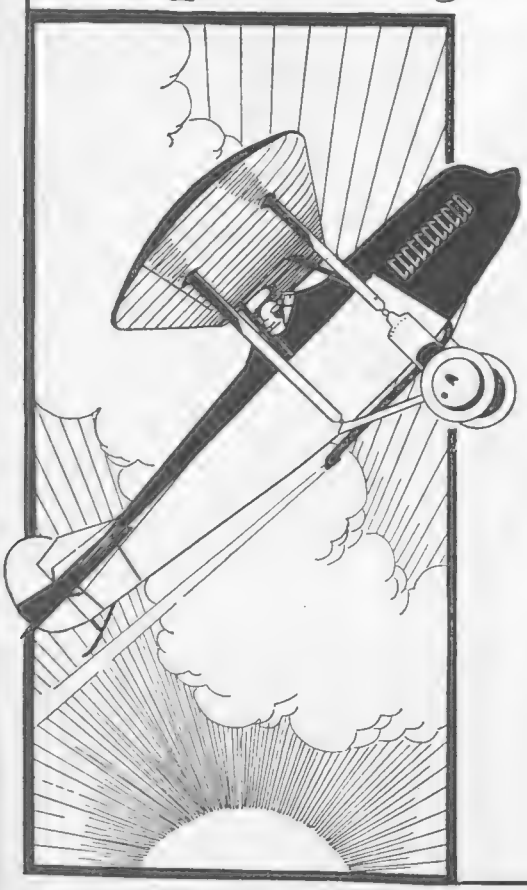

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Fashions Fancies

By Underwood

Exclusive BYSTANDER *Photograph*

PRINTED SILKS HAVE A SPRING-LIKE AIR

Just now, when exaggeration is rife, and so many day-time models are the reverse of becoming, it is pleasant to come across so charming an ensemble as this one from Jean-Philippe, of 14, Grosvenor Street. Made in blue and white printed crêpe de Chine, there is a row of buttons down the back of the dress, its slender line being emphasised by the sloping frills at the hips. A simple seven-eighths-length coat completes the scheme

PRACTICAL CLOTHES FOR THE SPORTSWOMAN

By Olive Caley Smith

The tailor-made retains its place in Fashion's scheme of things. Here is a neat suit from Aquascutum, the fabricating medium being a soft Scotch tweed in neutral tones

A Fashionable Function

A STATELY bride in a Mediæval gown of white satin embroidered in pearls was greeted with a murmur of spontaneous admiration when she appeared at the beginning of the Dress Parade held by Debenham and Freebody at the May Fair Hotel. Her train was held by a small girl in a long pink net dress, and a tiny boy in a blue satin suit, while the grown-up bridesmaids wore ankle-length frocks of frilled net, with wreaths of flowers in their hair. Ensembles for every conceivable occasion were displayed, each with its own accessories, and with magnificent jewellery lent by Captain William Ogden. Only a fleeting impression of the whole colourful panorama can be given, but a word must be said about the marvellous furs, which ranged in price from 29 guineas to 1,000 guineas, and the very attractive and original hats. However uncertain Fashion's Spring mood may be, fascinating interpretations of her every whim have been gathered together, here in London, beneath one roof.

Tailored Suits and Dresses

TWEED in diverse guises is *the* Spring fabric, and it therefore goes without saying that tailored suits, coats and dresses are greatly in evidence, for to look well it must be perfectly cut. Sketched on the left of this page is the "Berwick," a double-breasted suit in Scotch tweed, from Aquascutum, 100, Regent Street. The coat has flap pockets, while four box pleats across the front of the skirt afford complete freedom of movement. It is obtainable for 7 guineas, or from 8 guineas if made to measure. Admirably tailored hats, in a variety of attractive shapes and in any sort of tweed, costing only 2 guineas. Medium-weight coats, the line accented by intricate insets and empiécements, are worn over lightweight frocks in exactly the same colours, these being as supple as silk. Lingerie collars and cuffs or scarves of printed crêpe de Chine embellish most of them.

Original Tennis Frocks

THE grass court season will soon be in full swing, and summer clubs will be reopening at the beginning of May. The tennis ensemble at the foot of this page will consequently be of special interest, for, though it is eminently practical, it displays that originality which is a distinguishing feature of the newest Spring outfits. Made in white wool crêpe, the upper part of the dress is embroidered in blue and red motifs, a rather wide blue suède belt marking the natural waist. The accompanying coat is of blue wool crêpe embroidered in red, blue and yellow, the collar and revers being faced with white. It costs 7½ guineas, and comes from Swan and Edgar, of Piccadilly Circus. Simple washing silk dresses in a number of pleasing shapes are also to be found in these salons, as are cotton frocks of every description.

An Imposing Parade

FASCINATING beach suits were an outstanding feature of the interesting Dress Show held at the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street. One particularly good salmon-coloured linen coat had a deep border of appliquéd ships with coloured sails, the lining being of cream Terry towelling. Another beach wrap was adorned with bathing girls and a hem of deep blue waves! In all over two hundred models were shown, each mannequin carrying a card on which the price was clearly stated. These ranged from white piqué tennis frocks at 16*s.* 9*d.* to a dyed ermine coat at £260. Some beautiful Court gowns won much applause, and a copy of a Patou evening dress in fancy georgette for the modest sum of £8 19*s.* 6*d.* is indicative of the many bargains which are to be found in these salons.

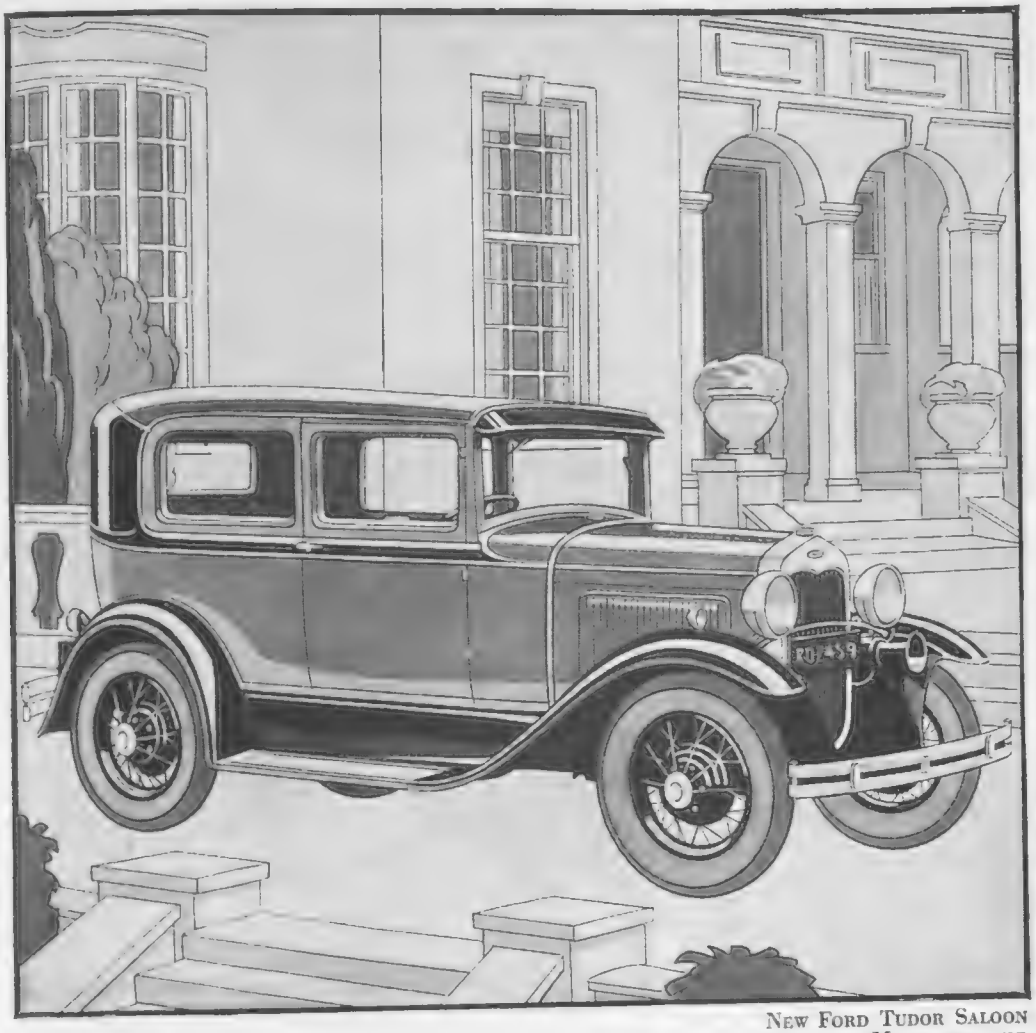
A Well-merited Honour

THE many friends and admirers of Mr. Jean Charles Worth, the famous Parisian dress designer, will be happy to learn that he has been decorated with the Legion of Honour in recognition of his untiring efforts to develop foreign trade.

Original tennis frocks are proving a feature of the Spring mode. This ensemble from Swan and Edgar is made in white wool crêpe, with a blue coat, both embroidered in contrasting colours

Sketches by Margot

New Ford Beauty enthusiastically received



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MUST WE LOOK LIKE CARICATURES?

By Mary Randall

Here is a dress which is picturesque, but hardly practical. It is made of heavy black morocain, and is illustrative of the magpie-hued vogue which has predominated in all the Spring collections

Paris sponsors this afternoon dress of black crêpe georgette, with its short sleeves, its breadth-giving cape, and its unflattering skirt length. The pleated and befrilled gloves are expressed in rose, beige, and brown suède

Englishwomen have a freshness and a sane graciousness that are a byword among nations. Must they sacrifice these to the Gods of Imitation, whose High Priests are Dress Designers, and whose satellites are Mannequins?

FASHION is a faithful servant, but a tyrannical and cruel master. Held in check by the saving grace of reason she can enhance the beauty of women of every type, but allowed to run riot she may transform a radiant Diana into a neurotic and inclined-to-be haggard female of uncertain charm, to say nothing of driving already harassed husbands to the very verge of bankruptcy! And why? Surely there can be only two possible explanations. The first is that Englishwomen, forgetting that Britons never shall be slaves, have yielded to the fascination of Labels, believing that a name can be greater than the creations it stands for. And the other is that they have become the victims of their own powers of self-deception, assuming that because a six-foot tall mannequin of exquisite proportions can wear exaggerated modes with a certain measure of success they can themselves hope to "get away with it."

WORTH once said that English girls are not smart because they are born too pretty. And in the lounge of a London hotel one sunny afternoon three typical "buds" were discussing their Spring clothes. "Well," said one, "we can't put it off any longer, and we've got to decide for ourselves. Shall we be smart—and hideous? Or shall we be comfy and look like ourselves?" Such a question could never arise if only every woman would appreciate that, first of all, each nation has certain physical and mental attributes, bereft of which it loses its character, and if she would but realise that she must inevitably belong to a certain definite type which should invariably be stressed by everything she wears. That the Parisienne has a flair for dress—and especially for choosing those things in harmony with her own temperament—is as obvious as that Paris is, and will probably remain, the Fashion centre of the world. The whole point is that there is a tremendous difference between the mental processes and physical pursuits of ourselves and our friends across the Channel. And, consequently, no common medium of expression can prove entirely adequate. Two courses remain open. One is the acceptance of clever adaptations, deprived of all eccentricity. And the other is open rebellion! What is unthinkable is that Englishwomen shall yield up their heritage and senselessly spend unlimited money on turning themselves into rather pathetic caricatures.

ANKLE-LENGTH skirts for the evenings, so long as they are made of semi-transparent fabrics, are graceful and effective, and though they naturally involve greater expenditure they are justifiable, inasmuch as it is always far better to buy one really good model than to wear several unskilful dresses. For the very young they should be belted at the natural waist, and should be long all the way round. Those who are slender can go in for fluted godets, falling unevenly, and set into a swathed or moulded hip yoke. Whilst panels, set on in the region of the hips at sloping angles and varied heights, can solve the problems of those not-so-fortunate others. There is already a feeling for less imitation jewellery, and that is to the good. But the news that Paris is launching long evening gloves which exactly match each gown has come as a bombshell. Worth sponsors long dark brown ones for the afternoon as well, even putting them with black ensembles. Surely those who remember what a formidable item of expenditure the formal white ones used to be will steadfastly refuse to follow this lead, the more especially if they have vivid recollections of the agony of trying to pull them on when time was short, and of the ungainly contortions this operation evoked? Their habit of splitting at critical moments, too—what misery it caused! So let us pray that we shall not have to suffer this torture again.

GEORGE WHITELAW'S WHO'S ZOO—No. 17

George Whitelaw's latest addition to his "Who's Zoo" is none other than Mr. Edgar Wallace, a gentleman who occasionally produces a book or a play. "On the Spot," his latest dramatic work, took him as much as three days to write, but will run for considerably more than three nights at Wyndham's Theatre, where it is firmly installed

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE

A MERRY NOVEL

By Ralph Straus

DID you read *The House of the Goat?* Or *Gemini?* Or *The Matriarch?* I must confess that I did not. I must also confess that I had never, to my knowledge, heard of their author, Mr. Charles Lloyd-Jones, until by chance I picked up a copy of his new novel, *Irene Says* . . . (Jarrolds: 7*s.* 6*d.*). Well, if the earlier books are anything like this sprightly affair—the merriest novel I have read for some time—I can only regret my ignorance.

IRENE is a delicious person to meet, and in the course of the story she says all kinds of amusing things, but the story itself is not primarily about her at all. She is little more than an intruder—a business intruder, whose services are engaged when a little divorcing seems called for. In other words, she follows the not very ancient and perhaps not very honourable profession of public co-respondent. Clearly a most useful, if slightly illegal, young person. Clearly, too, a brainy as well as a beautiful young person—if she is to give full satisfaction to her clients.

AS it happens, her intrusion into the private affairs of Arthur Sheale, a country gentleman of the nicest possible kind, is not wholly successful, but without it his adventures in search of domestic freedom could not have been the joyous entertainment they are. Poor Arthur, you see, has married an almost "impossible" Juanita, who has hordes of quite "impossible" relations. Everybody in the county loves Arthur, but they do not love Juanita, and when she goes off and suggests that another little divorce wouldn't do any harm, Arthur decides that he must set about becoming the guilty party.

AND so Irene arrives, and after a few false starts gets an extremely reluctant and most respectable country gentleman safely to Paris. And there, I admit, she handsomely earns her rather high fees. Unfortunately, at the critical moment Juanita changes her mind. She returns home and does her absurd best to play the part of a hard-working squiress. And after that—but I am not going to mention any more details of this diverting story. I can only say that in Arthur Sheale and his bibulous neighbour Fitz (with whom Irene quite unprofessionally falls in love), and the bell-ringer and the clergyman's mother, and the rest of the natives of Hirsting Morgan, you have a little clique of people of the most delightful kind.

THIS is a really enjoyable book. Mr. Lloyd-Jones not only knows his countryside; he knows Irene's smart world as well. And he has wit. He writes with an air. Moreover, his story is no bundle of cynical improbabilities; at times it is genuinely moving. There may not be many Irenes about (a prostitute, as someone, although a gentleman, says), but the Arthurs and the Fitzes and the Juanitas abound, and this "disorderly story" about them—"too disorderly not to be true," as its author quite properly suggests—provides the best kind of light entertainment.

MISS CONSTANCE HOLME

Whose new novel, "He-Who-Came," is reviewed in this article. It is published by Chapman and Hall at 6s.

IT is a very different kind of story to which I would next draw your attention. *He-Who-Came* (Chapman and Hall: 6*s*) is the work of Constance Holme. That ought to be enough for you to get hold of a copy at once, but I know that it is not. For some reason or other Miss Holme has so far been denied the big success that should be hers. For myself, I have long considered her to be amongst the very finest of our women writers alive to-day. One year, I know, she did carry off a Femina prize, but that is not enough. (How many people have even heard of the Femina prize—people, I mean, not in the "literary world"?) But perhaps a Prime Minister will oblige again? . . .

THE new book is short, perhaps too short, but what a beautiful little thing it is! And how skilfully the strange story is unfolded! Something very odd, but also very lovely, has happened on a Westmorland farm. You cannot even guess what it is, though you know that it has something to do with Aunt Martha, who is such a dear, and sings such funny songs, and is so badly treated by her sister-in-law, the farmer's wife. What *did* happen in the Best Bedroom which caused the farmer's four children to hold such a serious Council of War? A ghost? And are they really miracles that she seems to be working?

YOU read on: it is imperative that you know the truth as soon as possible. But the truth is queerly shy. You come to know Aunt Martha as though you had been living in the same house with her for years; you come to know Tom Walker and the others equally well. You become more than usually interested in their staid rustic lives. But that mysterious affair of the Best Bedroom—what in the name of anything you please *was* it?

The Directors' Smoking Room at the head offices of the Westminster Bank, the architects of which are Messrs. Mewes and Davis. The easy chairs and sofas shown in the picture are of Messrs. Howard and Sons' "Duvet" upholstery covered in brown morocco, and have all been manufactured in London at their Cleveland works and 26, Berners Street, W.1

ULTIMATELY, of course, you are let into the secret, which you can explain (or not) as you like. It comes as the most charming surprise. There is no miserable ghost, no herald of death, nothing sinister at all. You may call it a new kind of fairy tale, a dream, what you will; I found it wholly fascinating; a book to read and put on your shelves and read again.

AUNT MARTHA is a strange woman, and so was

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page i)

Sarah Duchess of Marlborough. She is one of the few great ladies of the eighteenth century whom I would like to have met. Rather a frightening woman, I imagine, but well worth study in detail, as present-day writers are beginning to discover. Two or three years ago Mr. Bonamy Dobrée contributed a sketch of her to that admirable Representative Woman series, and now, for the first time since its original appearance nearly two hundred years ago, we have a reprint of her curious *Conduct*.

THE new book is called *Memoirs of Sarah Duchess of Marlborough* (Routledge: 12*s.* 6*d.*), and in addition to the *Conduct* it gives extracts from her letters to Lord Stair and others. It is excellently edited by Mr. William King, who when he is not looking after ceramics in the British Museum is exploring what his publishers call the background of history. Mr. King's Introduction is exactly what it should be. He puts you on guard, he explains, and he fights commendably shy of those footnotes which spoil so many otherwise readable books. And these Memoirs are more than merely readable. They were written (with help) by the Duchess in her extreme old age, when memory has a habit of playing very strange tricks, but they tell a most interesting story in a vivid way; and if you want an entertaining peep behind regal scenes in the days of Queen Anne, who seems to be becoming less dead every year—three books about her appeared last year—here it is.

ARE present-day "thrillers" more exciting and ingenious than they were thirty years ago? I ask the question because I see that there has just appeared another edition of *An Industrious Chevalier* (Besant: 7*s.* 6*d.*), which Sir Squire Sprigge, the editor of *The Lancet*, first published in 1902. This book might well have been called *The Memoirs of a Crook*, and, except for the fact that its hero (?) is generally obtaining his ill-gotten gains in gold instead of Treasury notes, it reads as though it had been written a few weeks ago.

THERE are certainly no flies—is that the right word?—on the gentleman who collects money in such amusingly ingenious ways. He works by himself, and his victims range from a knight's vulgar widow to a lepidopterous Canon and an ambitious bookie. Moreover, he is never found out. With infinite care he gets himself not only dead but buried—this sounds an impossibility until you read it—and begins a new life very comfortably as somebody else. Sir Squire is quite right in thinking that this old book of his is still fresh; it can give points and a beating to half the detective stories of to-day.

ANOTHER thriller which has unusual features is Mr. Frank Hurd's *The Bannantyne Sapphires* (Stanley Paul: 7*s.* 6*d.*). Here the mystery of a missing necklace is speedily cleared up, so far, that is to say, as the identity of the thief is concerned, but its recovery is another matter. You are taken to Corsica, where they still enjoy a vendetta or two, and here you come into the midst of a bundle of new excitements of a kind which are not often to be found in a book. The Corsican scenes, indeed, are so good that I could almost wish they had been allowed to stand by themselves. R. S.

Books in Brief

Hunting and Hunted is the title of Dorothea Conyers' new volume of short stories that are written of the hunting field she knows and seems to love so well. Just published by Hutchinsons.

The Woman Yonder, published by Jarrolds, is, we are informed, the story of Gerald Falcon, a bachelor of the Edwardian era, who marries a beautiful young neo-Georgian in the hope that she will bring him into the charmed circle of youth. Valiantly he tries to understand the crude materialism of present-day standards, but realises, too late, that the real love of his life is a woman of his own generation. The solution of this love affair forms the keynote of the story.

Cassells published on April 15 Robert Hichen's new book, *The Gates of Paradise and Other Stories*, a collection of short stories which the publishers tell us are replete with human sentiment in its varied expressions—tragedy, humour, drama, pathos, satire, sympathy, love, unfaithfulness, jealousy, crime, and justice.

Victor Gollancz tell us that a travel book of an unusual type will be published by them under the title of *African Drums*, which is full of exciting episodes and of quite unconventional views on the tropics, the rites of the witch doctors, and the "going native of white men," etc.

Mr. Humbert Woolfe's new poem, *The Uncelestial City*—his longest and most important work—will be published by Victor Gollancz early in May.

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MEN'S CLOTHES

How Evening Dress is Worn

By F. A. Birchall

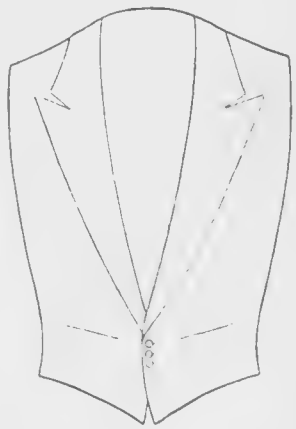
Note the shortness and breadth of lapels, a special feature of the modern evening tail coat

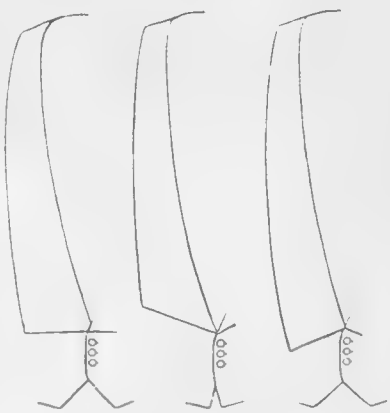
As evening dress is not a garment that the average man renews annually, and as it is the one garment of true elegance left to men, the choosing of a new one should entail almost a rite. Infinite care is required, because it must be the last word in style, both to be up to date and to serve the wearer for the next few years without lagging too far behind in fashion.

Unknown to the world at large, there has been a persistent revolution in the evening tail coat in the last six years, and the constant aim has been the maximum of "snappiness." And this end has been attained by five main alterations. But before we come to these it may be as well to state the underlying idea governing this successful attempt at "snappiness." It is to give the effect of a full chest and longer legs to the wearer.

In details, naturally, this effect has been achieved, and so we come to the five main alterations, which, I believe, will be more clearly appreciated by being tabulated.

1. Very broad shoulders, with corresponding width across the back. (A die-hard might say the coat was top-heavy.)
2. A shorter front; that is, from the neck to the front points of the coat.
3. From which it follows that although the tails remained the old length, the legs would appear longer. But the opportunity has not been missed. The tails themselves are now some 3 or 3½ inches longer than they were six years ago.
4. The lapel has received special attention. It is, in the first place, shorter; in the second, broader; and, in the third, very sharp-pointed.
5. And the three buttons on either side of the coat are so placed as to add to the full-chested effect.





Four examples of fashionable waistcoats worn to-day showing various styles

These necessary details over, the pleasure comes of dealing generally with this coat of 1930. It is safe to say that never has so beautiful a modern garment been created for men. Hugging the figure closely, it combines with the long-legged effect to give a tapering impression from its broad shoulders, aided in this, too, by narrow sleeves shorter than the shirt-cuff. Thus, essentially, is it a foil to the manly figure, which in the past has suffered from its very virtue, decked with a coat of narrow shoulders and with a front far too long to do it full justice.

And, to play their part, the trousers will need, therefore, to be worn unblushingly long, with a clear break over the shoes, and imperative, too, is it that they should not be of the grotesque fullness that some men demand to the sorrow of their tailors.

The best material still is Barathea.

But evening wear does not end with the smartest of tail coats and trousers. They are but the necessary foundations. It is the accessory details that count perhaps even more. Never can it be said too often that evening wear is a study in black and white.

First in importance comes the white waistcoat. Two styles are in favour this year. The first is the single-breasted with a step or a roll collar, and has three buttons and a V-opening. The kind with the step collar requires the points of the waistcoat to be shallow; and that with the roll collar the bottom of the lapel should be nearly square. (See illustration.)

The other waistcoat is double-breasted with a roll collar that is square at the bottom, has a double row of two buttons, and the bottom shaped to a small point in the middle. Pockets should be jetted, which imparts a new smartness. And on no account must the waistcoat show below the coat.

Pearl studs cannot be bettered, and, of course, except for the thin chain, no jewellery whatever should be worn. And only the red or white carnation and gardenia are correct.

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SHOOTING NOTES

UNDESIRABLE FUR and FEATHERED ALIENS

Topical Press

MAJOR J. P. BATPY

Of the Indian team, who scored twenty-one consecutive bull's-eyes on the National Rifle Ranges at Bisley His score totalled 105 points out of a possible 105

By "Clodhopper"

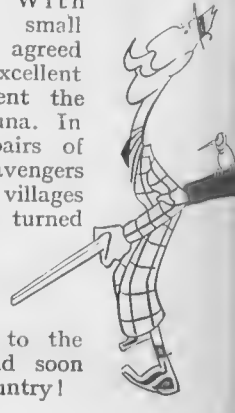
WHILST travelling by rail from the "one-hoss" village of Lowdham to the historical, albeit somnolent, town of Newark-on-Trent, I witnessed what appealed to me as being a ludicrous example of incongruity and misplaced confidence in wild life. Perched on a post-and-rail fence in the vicinity of a small covert, and with the bright rays of the sun glinting brilliantly upon their iridescent plumage, basked a brace of cock pheasants. Sandwiched between the gorgeous birds sat, huddled up and apparently slumbering soundly, a pygmy but predacious member of the Strigidæ order in the form of a little owl. Had the gallant, spurred and winged knights of the woodlands possessed even a modicum of good taste and intelligence, short shrift would have been granted to the small bundle of feathered wickedness which I saw reposing peacefully between them on the fence.

WHEN the late Lord Lilford introduced the little owl into England it was, no doubt, with the idea of adding a new, interesting, harmless and useful vermin destroyer to our indigenous avifauna. Little did the noble and enthusiastic field naturalist in question dream that the miniature, innocent-looking alien owl of his adoption would not only increase and multiply to an alarming degree and distribute its numbers over practically every wooded area in the kingdom, but that it would also acquire an unhallowed taste for helpless young game, rabbits, poultry and many species of our native song-birds. Unlike the rest of its order, this diminutive owl hunts for its prey by day as well as at night; consequently his depredations in field, covert and poultry farm are by no means negligible. Time was when the handsome and courageous little feathered poacher was regarded with friendly eyes by gamekeepers, poultry farmers, and agriculturists generally. But, alas! "his sins have found him out," and nowadays the hands of all men would seem to be against him.

AS a keen lover of Nature I confess to having a sneaking regard for the little owl. He is such a jolly-looking, "don't-care-a-hang sort of cuss," and plucky as they make 'em, while, in common with the barn-owl, tawny-owl, the long-eared and the short-eared owls (not one of which, I venture to say, could show a clean sheet in regard to poaching activities), he certainly performs his fair share of useful work in destroying great numbers of small rodents and insects noxious to agriculture, game rearing and poultry farming. Still there is no denying the fact that the antagonism displayed by keepers and hen farmers towards the little owl is very justly founded. In short, much though one hates condemning to death so interesting a species, the little owl must be shot on sight wherever game preserves and poultry farms obtain.

AND what about that undesirable furred alien, the American grey squirrel, which, as though by way of retaliation on the part of Uncle Sam for the introduction of the essentially prolific Cockney sparrow into U.S.A., was first turned down in our public parks and woodlands not many decades ago. A more unenviable reputation as a rogue and a vagabond, an egg thief, and a rapscallion than the grey squirrel has earned in this country would be difficult for any other species of the squirrel tribe to equal. Well-nigh as prolific as his distant relative, the grey rat, he has populated practically every district from Land's End to John o' Groats. The London parks, and those of the provincial towns, are, indeed, in many cases overrun with his kind, while in many rural localities the species has become such a plague that squirrel clubs have been formed to keep the pests down. But these small grizzled climbers have, from sheer strength in numbers and inveterate persecution, gradually but surely ousted our own beautiful red squirrel from his native woodlands. Indeed, in many parts of the country the latter species has become almost as rare an animal as the pine-marten.

YES, Uncle Sam certainly got a bit of his own back over the English sparrow question by presenting us with a good, old-fashioned breeding stock of his much boosted—but little wanted—grey squirrel. It was, I think, during the early 'fifties that a committee of American ornithologists discussed the interesting subject of introducing the house-sparrow into the United States. With few exceptions, that small body of learned men agreed that it would be an excellent thing thus to augment the North American avifauna. In due course several pairs of those plumed scavengers of our towns and villages were imported and turned down in various well-populated centres of U.S.A. The "dear little fellows" very quickly settled down to the new surroundings, and soon overran the whole country!



MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

COMMENCE PARTRIDGE RECORDS

TO the sportsman there is no happier sight than the large number of breeding pairs of partridges which for some time past have frequented the particular areas chosen to serve as home during the coming months of parental responsibility. A large breeding stock and a particularly mild winter have combined to secure occupation of all available territory. Very soon the crops will make such headway that the birds will find shelter, after which no more will be seen of them till harvest is cleared. Meanwhile, a list may be drawn up of the number of breeding pairs on the ground and the places they frequent. As the nest will not be far distant a valuable clue is afforded to its location. In due course all that have been found will be marked on a plan, the greater the proportion to the known number of pairs the better. Very important in the care of a shoot is to exchange eggs between one nest and another, so counteracting the unfortunate habit of this bird to find a mate within the confines of its own family. When eggs have been exchanged brother and sister no longer lie within the prohibited bounds. Incidental to keeping a close watch on the head of partridges on a shoot and seeing that the records are properly booked are a number of advantages that need no listing. True, it is all the keepers' work, but no staff is complete unless headed by an interested and keen master.

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MOTOR NOTES

PASTORAL PROGRESS

A 1930 six-cylinder two-litre Standard Saloon seen amidst rustic surroundings. The above picture is a good example of the many joys of motoring

WONDERS OF TRIPLEX GLASS

By E. M. Wright

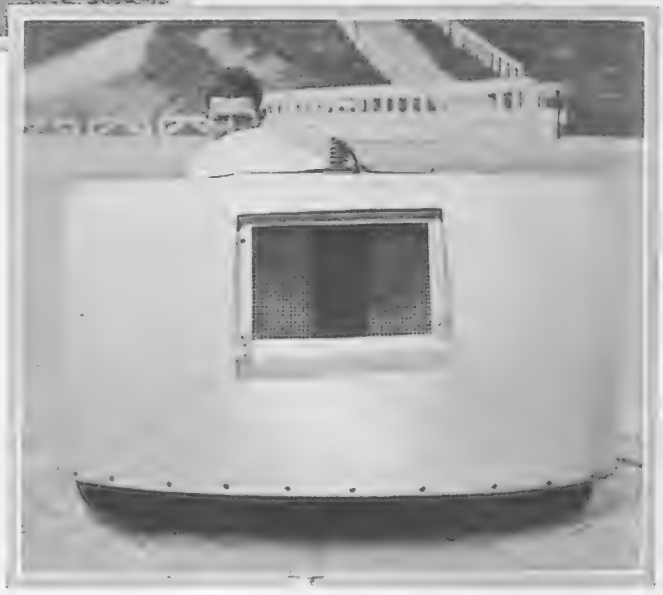
WHEN you come to think of it, it is surprising that safety glass was not adopted sooner. It may be that, like fire extinguishers, it is one of those things that you only want when an accident happens. It is not until the crash comes that you have any reason to appreciate it. However, no need now to worry about that. To-day Triplex is almost universal, and it will be much more interesting to look back upon the story of how it came about.

TRIPLEX glass itself was invented by one Edouard Benedictus in 1909, the idea having originated several years previously in the brain of a man named Wood. It was in August, 1912, that manufacture started in Great Britain, the man responsible being Mr. Reginald Delpech, whose name has become almost as synonymous with Triplex as Triplex is with safety glass. Amongst the first "customers" were Sir Robert Hadfield, the steel magnate, and Pavlova. The latter name in this connection is rather interesting considering that, of course, to celebrities like the great dancer, any accident involving injuries from broken glass would seriously jeopardise her career.

PROGRESS was confessedly slow, but the Great War brought a thousand and one new uses for this wonderful product, and a huge influx of orders for windscreens of aircraft and cars destined for the Front, for goggles, gas masks, bullet-proof panels in tanks; portholes, bridge screens, and all kinds of similar purposes in the Navy, and even for shatter-proof windows in munition factories, so that inspectors might look on at the packing of detonators from a safe distance.

AFTER the War, the aircraft demand continued, of course, but the car business was frankly slow. It was a case of that deadlock which must always prove an obstacle to the growth of this class of business: without quantity production the price of an individual equipment must remain high, and while the price remains high demand remains limited, and quantity can never be achieved. It was partly an accident and partly a remarkably amusing piece of enterprise on the part of Reggie Delpech that brought about the sweeping change that has placed Triplex where it is to-day. On March 31, 1927, Mr. Henry Ford was involved in a nasty accident, and a news paragraph in the London evening papers related the facts and stated that he had been taken to Detroit Hospital. Mr. Delpech cabled him there in these words: "Regret to hear of your accident. Trust you have not been cut by broken glass. Fit Triplex and be safe. Triplex, London."

NOW, Mr. Henry Ford has never been slow to appreciate the possibilities of a new proposition. Within seven months, that is, on October 17 of that year, he had signed a contract for the standardisation of Triplex on all Ford cars in America. Within a few months it was obtainable as a standard extra on many of the more important British makes at already greatly reduced prices owing to the increased demand. The tide had turned. It could only be a matter of months, then, until some manufacturer fitted it as standard. In actual fact the first British concern to do so on all models was the Riley Company in October, 1928. With this fresh and enormously increased demand, the price came down by leaps and bounds, and other manufacturers followed suit. The result was soon such a demand for Triplex that the old works at Willesden were relegated to a position of comparative minor importance, and great new works at King's Norton were equipped for the main production of this product.



A NEW AUSTIN SEVEN!

This is not a glimpse of the next war, but only a super streamlined Austin Seven in which Mr. H. S. Spero, the well-known racing driver, will attempt to lower the world's class records. This car, if such it can be called, will race at Brooklands on Easter Monday

TO visit the King's Norton works as I did last week is to witness one of the many marvels that go to make up the modern motor car. I need not—even if I could—detail the many processes through which the great stacks of plate and sheet glass have to go before they emerge as Triplex. As most people know, safety glass is a sandwich made of two sheets of glass with a sheet of celluloid as the "meat" in the sandwich. You simply stick the sheets of glass to each side of the celluloid and seal the edges. That is all there is in

(Continued on page viii)

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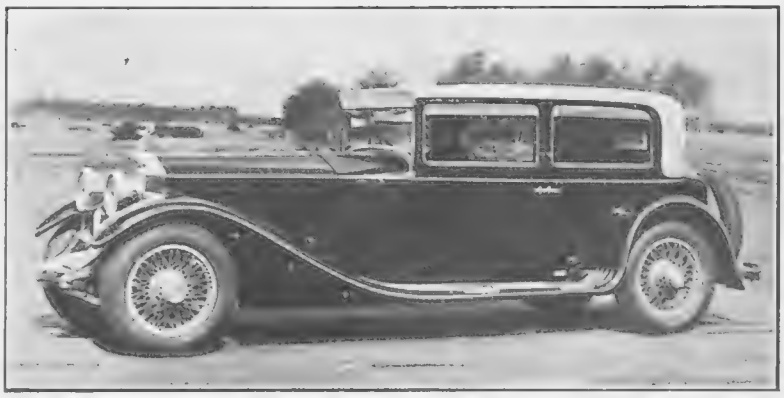
MOTOR NOTES (continued from page vi)

it! It sounds simple, but let me say at once that the whole secret of successful safety glass manufacture is in that simple process of sticking, and it is here that most safety-glass manufacturers break down—such is the wealth of knowledge, experience and technique required at this stage of manufacture. The other essential is that the edges should be perfectly sealed so as to prevent the atmospheric influences getting at the celluloid, for the entry of heat and damp will discolour the meat in the sandwich or separate it altogether. It is here that the tests for safety glass come in, for a glass which, when broken by impact, splinters, is not safety glass.

THUS the laboratory at King's Norton is perhaps the most interesting department of all, for it is here that a multitude of tests are carried out to find whether the glass is proof against splintering and discoloration. I have always had as great a horror of broken glass as of rats and worms, and to see these laboratory people rubbing the tiny fragments of glass between their finger just to show its nature to me as a visitor was horrifying, but impressive. I never saw so much broken glass anywhere, nor broken glass held in such sturdy and obvious contempt—and all strictly in the interests of the public safety! The King's Norton works of the Triplex Safety Glass Company, Ltd., should come to be regarded as a National institution.

TO-DAY, Triplex occupies a place in its sphere similar to that of Rolls-Royce in cars, Dunlop in tyres, Pyrene in fire extinguishers, and Lucas or Smith in accessories. It is the hall-mark—and that is exactly one of the difficulties of its many competitors. When Triplex is fitted as standard to a car, no more need be said. If another make of glass is fitted the salesmen have to begin explanations and protestations that it is "just as good," and even motor salesmen realise the truth of that pithy French proverb qui s'excuse s'accuse. I sympathise with the many and thoroughly worthy competitors of Triplex because I, like most motorists, am all out for fair play, but even these other firms seem to recognise their position—else why do nearly all of them pay the sincerest form of flattery to Triplex by ending their various proprietary names with the syllable that Triplex has made so famous?



A fine Hooper Saloon Landaulet Rolls-Royce, entered by Senorita Lili de Alvarez in the Cannes Concours d'Elegance, which was awarded a Grand Prix. It is fitted with a landaulet hood and two sliding roofs. The radiator, lamps, and all metal parts are in gun metal brass finish

AT the recent Concours d'Elegance at Monte Carlo a Daimler Double-Six "Thirty," with a Hooper Sedanca body, was again awarded the grand prix for its class, the harmony of its design being highly commended by the judges. The car is the property of Mr. Joseph A. Mackle, managing director of Messrs. Stratton Instone, Ltd.

I HAVE read of many ways of getting into and out of a motor car, but a new one was suggested by a news paragraph which I saw recently recounting the story of a crash. It stated that after the car had turned over, the occupants escaped by opening the sliding roof. It only remains to have trap-doors in the floor, then every emergency will be provided for. However, to be serious, this incident does show how extremely profitable some of the new devices on cars can be. Every month a company seems to bring out something fresh in the way of gadgets or appliances which usually proves their worth and are sooner or later universally accepted. E. M. W.

Every
STANDARD
AS OLD AS THE INDUSTRY
Riley
AS MODERN AS THE HOUR
is a 100% TripleX car
Fit "TripleX" Regd -and be safe!
TRIPLEX GLASS
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The Triplex Safety Glass Co., Ltd., 1, Albemarle St., London, W.1

NOT JUST A TRIFLE BETTER BUT 'MILES' BETTER

"Better by miles" is no empty slogan as far as 'National' is concerned. It gives at least 15% increased mileage, yet costs no more than petrol. Increased mileage is not all. It gives more power and less carbon. Read the claims alongside, and if you are inclined to be sceptical, just steer your car to the pump with the "Winged Head" globe and ask for 'National.' Your running will convince you that it's miles better. And remember it is British.

DO YOU KNOW THIS?

1. National gives 15% greater m.p.g.
2. It gives more power output.
3. **It gives easy starting in cold weather.**
4. It does not affect the lubricating oil.
5. It is an entirely British fuel.
6. It eliminates pinking.
7. It is wonderful on hills.
8. It makes for more velvet running.
9. It produces **less** carbon.
10. It is the same price as petrol.

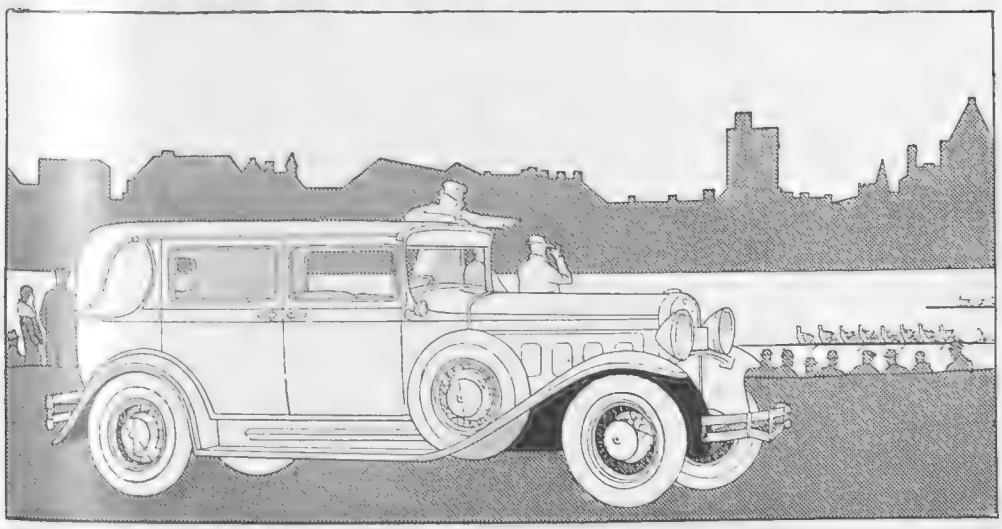
'NATIONAL'

The Motor Spirit with the bonus of 15% extra mileage

NATIONAL BENZOLE COMPANY, LIMITED, WELLINGTON HOUSE, BUCKINGHAM GATE, S.W.1.

(The distributing organisation owned and entirely controlled by the producers of British Benzole).

A DIFFERENT TYPE 8



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And the Hudson has smartness — inside and out its appointments are luxurious and beautiful. Everyone marvels at the attraction of its easy graceful lines — its careful and exclusive workmanship — its up-to-date and complete equipment.

Before you buy any car for any reason, you must ride in Motordom's latest type — the Hudson Great 8. It offers performance and appearance which definitely remove the need of ever paying more for any car. From £360 — Tax £25.

Made by the Manufacturers of the Essex Super-Six

HUDSON-ESSEX MOTORS LTD., 29, Gt. WEST ROAD, LONDON, W.4

DOGS

AN OLYMPIAN PORTENT — By "The Kennelman"

A READER of these Notes, who for thirty years has been serving doggy interests, as breeder, exhibitor and judge, and now acts as Hon. Secretary for two important canine associations, reproaches "The Kennelman" for having shown no appreciation of "what was by long odds the most important doggy development of last month, if not of a good many years past; the show within a show at the Ideal Home Exhibition, which for the first time set forth the idea that in this country no home can begin to approach the ideal unless it does justice to the Dog members of the household."

THE fact, of course, is that "The Kennelman," in common with tens of thousands of other friends of Dogs, welcomes and appreciates many developments of these crowded days without being able to find space for notice of them here. But it's perfectly true that from the doggy point of view there was something very special, even epoch-making, about this year's big exhibition at Olympia; because for the first time it demonstrated in most striking and attractive fashion the principle that for us the first-rate home is one in which Dogs plays an important part.

MESSRS. SPILLERS, those universal providers of all doggy needs, were responsible for the demonstration, and were ably supported in that complicated undertaking by Major C. E. W. Beddoes, the well-known trainer, and Miss J. Trefusis Forbes, of the Bell Mead Kennels and Kennel School, Haslemere. The fine and elaborate display of kennel accommodation and of every kind of doggy furnishings and appliances was itself a centre of attraction, but the novel scheme that made it the draw of the exhibition was the fact that its ideal Dog homes were inhabited by canine hosts and hostesses of rare charm and distinction, including the most famous champions of a dozen breeds. A fine, bold scheme, most admirably carried out, this "show within a show" established a new and highly interesting precedent that's pretty sure to be followed up elsewhere.

Sport and General

The Countess Zauiayska and Mlle. Celerierde Samais with the former's Borzoi, "Kim Des Grisons," which has won over forty prizes. They are seen at the International Dog Show held on the Terrace at Monte Carlo

BY the way, readers who wish to get into touch with training centres might inquire of the Secretary of the Alsatian, Sheep, Police, and Army Dog Society: Mr. R. Barnes, of 18, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W., or of the Free Information Bureau, 40, St. Mary Axe, E.C.3.

WELL-BRED British Dogs, and especially, of course, the choicest of Hounds and Gun-Dogs, fetch good prices the world over, but £1,700 for a couple of Foxhounds is very distinctly better than "a bat in the eye with a burnt stick." Mr. Davies, of Llandinam, who hunts his own pack in Montgomeryshire, has just taken that figure for a couple of Welsh Foxhounds which he sent to New York, and (as the always interesting *Kennel Gazette* records) Mr. Davies has given the proceeds to charity; a truly sporting gesture.

The Winning 'EIGHT'

Only an "Eight" can give that supremely smooth power; that swift surging acceleration; that effortless gliding motion which is a joy to watch and an even greater joy to experience.

The new 1930 Hillman "Straight Eight" is "head of the road" in the eight cylinder car race; it sets the pace. In acceleration and flexibility it offers something entirely new; in comfort and appearance, in perfect suspension, finger light steering and all those refinements so necessary to enjoyable motoring it is unbeatable at its price.

Send for the Hillman Catalogue (H/- 62) now.

The car illustrated is the Straight Eight Segrave Model at £495.

STRAIGHT EIGHT		FOURTEEN	
Tourer	£430	Tourer	£310
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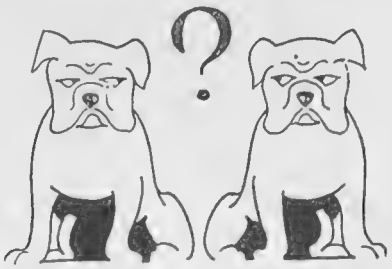

A *clean* dog is one washed with

KŪR-MANGE

Toilet or carbolic soaps clean a dog's coat, but they do no good to the skin—indeed, carbolic actually irritates it.
Kūr-Mange destroys every parasite and leaves skin and coat in perfect condition. It contains no carbolic or poison.
Is non-odorous and non-greasy. Buy it at your Chemist or Stores or where you buy your Spiller's Dog Foods.

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Use Kerol to disinfect the kennel

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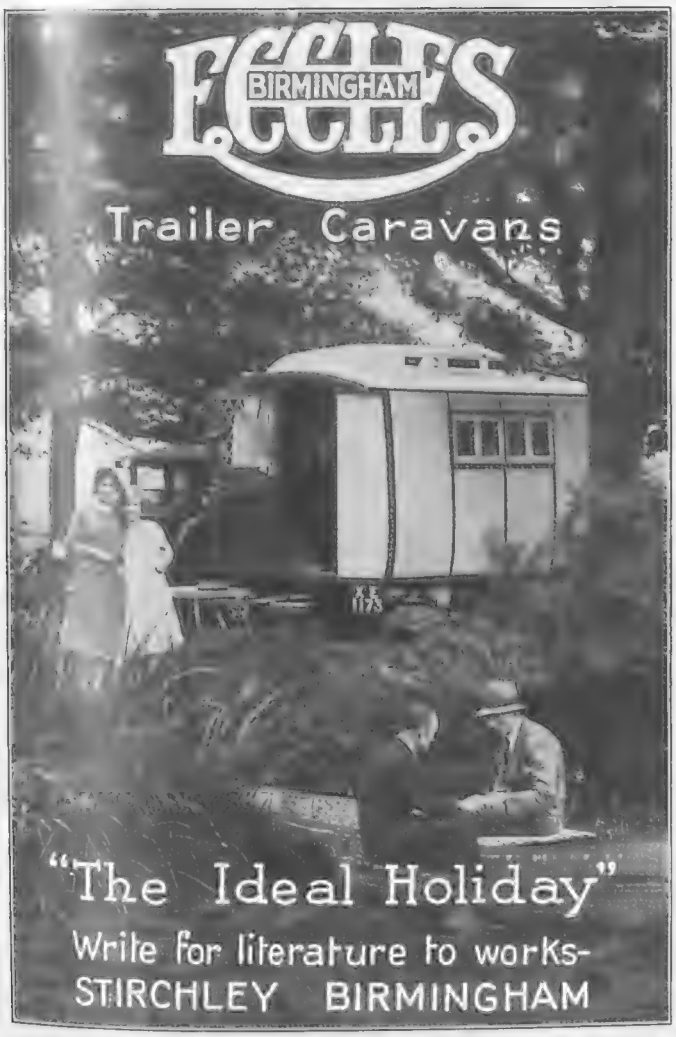

"THE CAR THAT THE BLUE TRAIN CAN BEAT"

The famous Blue Train can probably beat the Invincible Talbot over any given stretch on all-out speed—this is purely surmise, as the attempt has never been made.

Most emphatically however, it cannot beat the new Scout Talbot on comfort, luxury, or reliability—you can loll back on the deep upholstered cushions — you can do sixty, if you wish, or work to any schedule you choose.

You may get there before the Blue Train—you may be a little later, but you will arrive unflurried, and in perfect comfort.

If you want a racer, there are many available, but if you want the last word in luxury motoring, then you might try

THE NEW

TALBOT

14-45 H.P.
LIGHT "SCOUT" SIX
SALOON

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Warwick Wright Ltd.
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ANGES À CHEVAL.

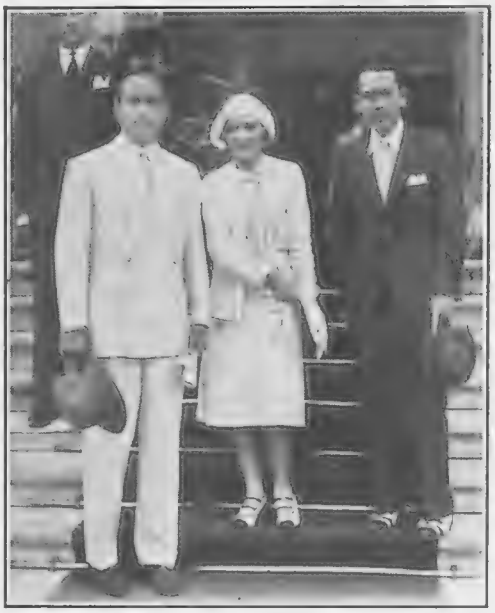
CAFÉ. DESSERT.

Manhattan Cocktail

FILL tumbler or shaker with chipped ice, put in three or four drops of Angostura bitters, add half a liqueur glassful of vermouth, half a wineglassful of whisky; stir or shake and place a small piece of lemon on the top.

Sole aux Champignons

ONE large sole, 6 oz. of breadcrumbs, 3 oz. of butter, half a tablespoonful of parsley, one egg, and 8 oz. of mushrooms. Chop half of the mushrooms after they are peeled. Place them in a basin with the breadcrumbs, butter, and egg; mix all thoroughly. Season with salt and pepper, sprinkle in the parsley. Place the sole on a tin, run a sharp knife down the centre from head to tail. Slip the knife down each side close to the bone and make a species of pocket for the stuffing. Place an equal quantity of the mixture in the basin on either side. Where the slit was made from head to tail place the remaining mushrooms. Brush over with melted butter and bake in a greased tin very slowly for half an hour. Serve as hot as possible.



STARS IN THE EAST

Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford (his wife) and Jack Pickford seen on the steps of Shepheard's Hotel at Cairo. In the background can be seen Mr. A. R. Elwert, manager of the hotel

Poulet à la Portugaise

CUT a chicken into joints, fry them in butter or olive oil in a sauté-pan. Pour off the oil or butter, and add a minced shallot. Let this cook a little, then moisten with some well-seasoned brown sauce. Cover the pan, and cook gently for thirty-five minutes. About fifteen minutes before serving add twenty stuffed olives and dish up on a croûton of fried bread. Pour the sauce round and serve.

Crème de Milan

HALF a pint of cream stiffly whipped, one teacupful of milk, three ounces of castor sugar, one small sherryglass of sherry, half an ounce of gelatine dissolved in the milk and allowed to get cool. Then add the cream and sherry. A few ratafias crumbled in at the last minute are an improvement.

Anges à Cheval

REMOVE the rind from some thin slices of fat bacon. Then take an oyster, pour on it two drops of essence of anchovy, four drops of lemon, and a grain of cayenne, and roll it in the slice of bacon. When there are sufficient of these rolls put them on a small skewer and fry them. When cooked, take each one separately and place on a fried croûton. This is a dish which must be served very hot.

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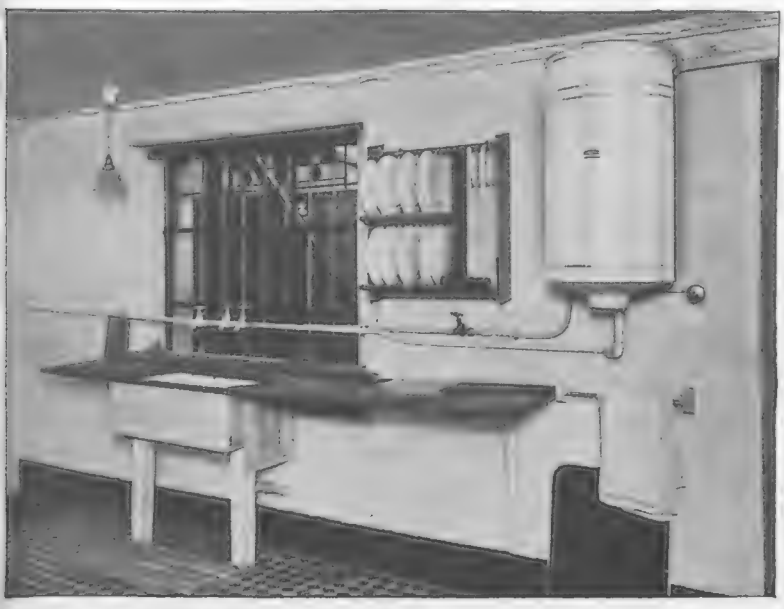
MANCHESTER, GLASGOW, EXETER & WINCHESTER



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= Fair play for every child

FAIR play—the birthright of every child—is still denied to many. For every case of brutality and neglect which finds its way into the newspapers, hundreds of others are disposed of without publicity through the wise and sympathetic aid of

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN

No less than 259 "Children's Men," scattered through the length and breadth of the land, are seeking to ensure FAIR PLAY for those whose present happiness and future well-being are menaced by vicious or ignorant parents or guardians.

HAVE YOU EVER HELPED?

Please send an EASTER GIFT to William J. Elliott, Director. The N.S.P.C.C., Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.

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AS POPULAR AS THEY ARE GOOD
4½D
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THE EDITOR'S BOX

The Middlesex Hospital

On Saturday, April 26, at 1.30 p.m., the finals of the seven a side Rugby teams will be held at Twickenham. The proceeds will be entirely devoted to the Middlesex Hospital Fund, and tickets may be procured from Alfred Hayes' Box Offices in Bond Street, Cornhill, or the Strand; the Secretary of Rugby Football, at Twickenham; or from the Middlesex Hospital Cancer Fund. Admission to the ground is 1*s.*, and there are seats at 3*s.* or 5*s.* Further entertainment, the profits of which will be devoted to the same Fund, is a grand revue-supper-cabaret to take place at the Hotel Metropole on May 8 at 9 p.m. Here the happy party of "No Trumpers" will produce an entertainment which, so they say, will take you from "Sunny Spain to Petticoat Lane," or from "The Old Kent Road to the Bottom of the Sea." T.R.H. Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught are expected, and we are assured of a most enjoyable evening. Tickets are priced at 30*s.* (including supper), and may be obtained from Mrs. Sam Baer, 13, Maresfield Gardens, London, N.W.3 (telephone: Hampstead 0476).

The G.E.C. "Pavilion of Light"

The G.E.C. "Pavilion of Light" is certainly one of the most outstanding of the many attractions of the *Daily Mail* Ideal Home Exhibition, and the General Electric Co., Ltd., is to be congratulated on its achievement. An excellent idea of the scope of the company's productions so far as they relate to the domestic sphere is conveyed by the varied range displayed on stand No. 301 in the Gallery. It embraces, with its lamps, lighting fittings, cooking, heating, and cleaning appliances, every ordinary household requirement, and it is gratifying to know that all these things are made in England at the company's own works. At another stand in the Gallery (No. 465) the G.E.C. has a representative display of wireless sets and loud speakers and of wireless valves and batteries.

A GAZEWAY BEDROOM

The feature of this fine room is the bed recess, which is lined with gold material, striped with black, with a shaped walnut back to bed, over which is a panel of richly coloured Portuguese brocade

"Bachelors" are Different

A new cigarette which we venture to predict will contribute materially to the popularity of John Player and Sons has recently been introduced. It is the "Bachelor," a Virginia cigarette, smooth, cool and delightfully mild, made with the same care and regard to quality to which Player's products owe their fame. Not content with giving smokers a new delight, the manufacturers have taken special steps to present it in the most attractive manner imaginable.

A Word for the N.S.P.C.C.

Cripples, if allowed to grow up in their deformity, have to depend on others to work for them, or come eventually on the rates for support. Apart, therefore, from the personal side of things, the gratification at being able to set a child's mind at rest, there is the public advantage of making it easy for a prospective worker to go into actual occupation. In nine years the N.S.P.C.C. has been the means of bringing about over 3,000 successful operations in orthopædy.

WHY REMAIN GREY?

How Society Men and Women Re-create their Hair's Lost Colour

FREE TREATISE.

How Society men and women guard against the social and business handicap of Grey Hair is revealed in a dainty little Boudoir Book just published.

This book will not take you ten minutes to read, yet it discloses the secret by which you can grow glossy, abundant, and silken hair, and—most important of all—preserve it from the greying and disfiguring touch of Time by the one treatment endorsed by the Press.

THE FOLLY OF DYES.

Dyes and artificial hair paints are, of course, strictly tabooed by men and women of refinement. This is not only good taste, but good sense as well. Dyed hair is always conspicuous. It literally shouts the embarrassing information that its colour came out of a bottle. Further, dye ruins the hair's structure and health, rots it away, and causes it to fall out.

There is only one satisfactory method of curing greyness and hair loss of colour. This is to re-create, naturally, your hair's real colour from root to tip. You will find how to do this between the gold and ivorine covers of the book mentioned above.

The One Method Endorsed by the Press.

"THE QUEEN" (and "COURT CHRONICLE") says:

"'Facktative' certainly is admirable in its results. Its effects are permanent, it is delightfully clean and easy to use."—"There are other points which commend it: its admirable effects upon the general health and condition of the hair, *and so on; but it is in its* wonderful powers of restoring the actual colour *to the hair that its chief interest lies."*

"SUNDAY TIMES" says:

"'Facktative' is nature's own remedy and of its efficacy one can scarcely speak sufficiently in praise... I have personally used this restorative . . . I can myself testify to the truth of all it professes to accomplish."—HYGEIA (*Editress "Secrets of Health and Beauty"*).

Space forbids but a few brief extracts only, but accompanying the free Boudoir Book is sent full, independent, and spontaneous testimony which the sterling merits of "Facktative" *have called forth from these and numerous other authorities from all parts. Readers should write to-day to the* FACKTATIVE CO. (Suite 95), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1, *for a free treatise, which will be sent post free in plain sealed envelope.*

Remarkable results follow this method. Right from the first your hair becomes less and less grey.

No matter how long the greyness has existed, the lost colour is restored.

You can easily prove this: when the colour has been restored, just wash your hair and you will find not a speck of colour comes away. This is because the colour is part of the very structure of your hair and not a dye or stain.

ENCOURAGES STRONG LUXURIANT GROWTH AND IMPROVES HAIR-HEALTH AND BEAUTY

Besides restoring the lost colour, the Facktative treatment is of especial benefit to those who are returning to the longer hair vogue, and who are anxious to quicken a strong, luxuriant growth.

It removes all accumulations of Scurf or Dandruff.

It prevents the hair falling out and baldness.

Finally, by restoring your hair to exactly the same shade and depth of colour as it possessed before it became faded, dull or grey, it makes you look years younger and even takes as much as 10 to 15 years from your apparent age.

BOOK OF HAIR-HEALTH AND BEAUTY FREE

Should you be troubled with white, grey, greying, faded or otherwise discoloured hair you should write to-day to the **FACKTATIVE Co. (Suite 95), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1,** for a copy of their book describing how to cure grey or faded hair without the use of dye or stains.

Just mention your address and a copy of this book will reach you by return, gratis and post free in plain sealed envelope, free from observation.

By Appointment Hard Lawn *Tennis Court Makers to H.M. The King*

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For this 16 h.p. six-cylinder Sunbeam, with Mulliner Weymann Sun Saloon body, is only £625! For that price you have a sixteen horse power chassis of full Sunbeam quality. It is difficult to say more for a chassis than that. You have also a sliding roof Weymann body of superb finish and luxury built by Mulliners. It is difficult to say more for the coachwork than that. In short, this beautiful car offers you complete motoring luxury for little more than six hundred pounds!

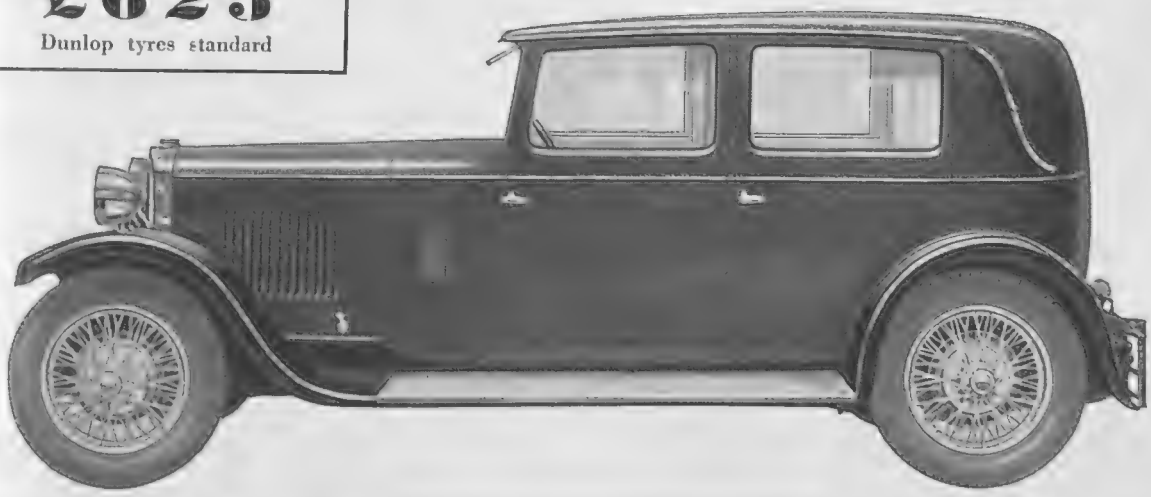
An easily arranged road test will enable you to form your own opinion of the merits of this car. Try it over roads you know.

There are four chassis types in the Sunbeam range, 16 h.p., 20 h.p., 25 h.p. and Three-litre. All with six-cylinder engines.

16 h.p. six-cylinder Sunbeam with Mulliner Weymann four-door Sun Saloon body

£625

Dunlop tyres standard



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"NEW VALUES IN CRIME" by Negley Farson
"ONE OF THE TWELVE" by Anthony Gibbs
"THE REST OF THE WORLD" No. 4 — BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS by Diana Bourbon
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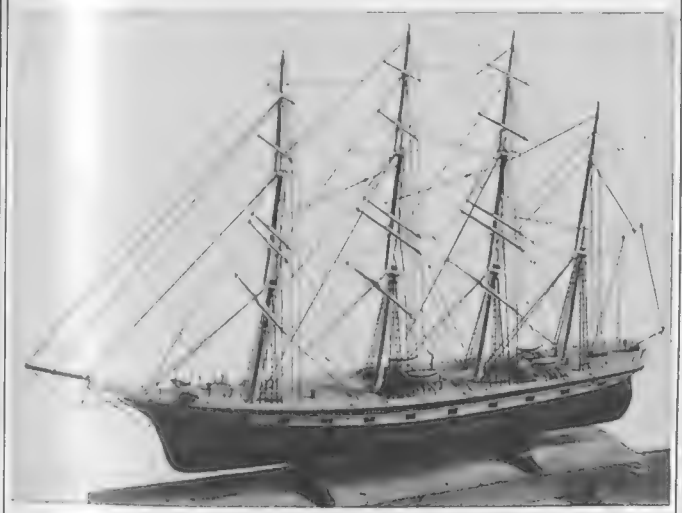

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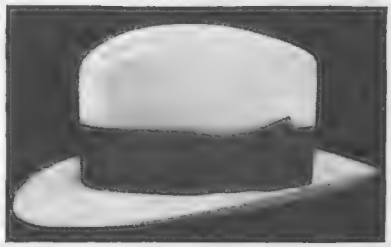

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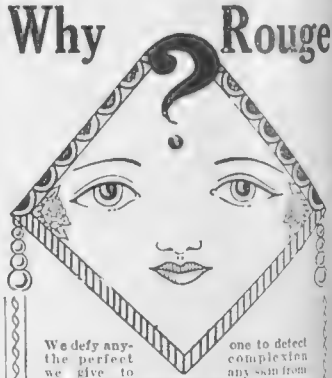

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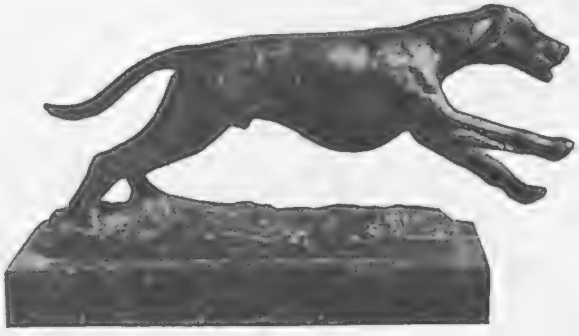

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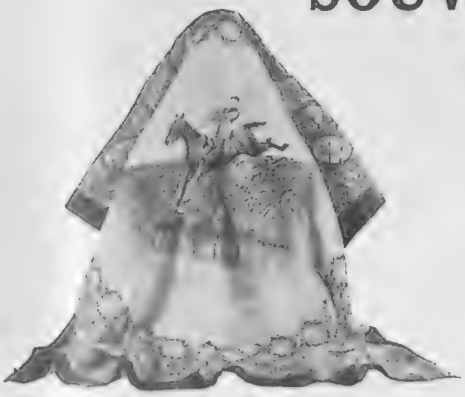

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In making use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.

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THE ONLY FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL OVERLOOKING GOLF AND SEA. SPECIAL WINTER TERMS.
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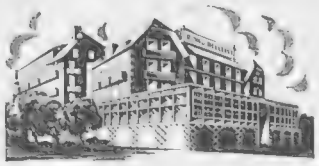

ST. CAST (Nr. Dinard)
Regular Motor-bus Service with Dinard.
HOTEL ROYAL BELLEVUE
On the Beach. Modern Comfort.
125 rooms. 50 baths. 18-hole Golf. Tennis. Fine Water-chute. Low season terms from Fr. 50, and high season Fr. 75. (Open 6th June.)

BELGIUM
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Nearest the Links, 18 holes. Free Bathing. 12 Tennis Courts. Galas. Prospectus—Reserve your Apartments. Open May to September.
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Unrivalled situation facing Sea and Casino. Up to date. Open all year.
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THE CANCER HOSPITAL (Free)
FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.
The First Special Hospital in London devoted to Cancer Treatment and Research.
AN URGENT APPEAL IS MADE FOR **£150,000** for a new Radiological Block and other extensions which will add 80 beds to the Hospital.
AND ALSO FOR RADIUM.

Northumberland and Durham for ROMANCE and RECREATION

Your holiday will be complete in this restful land, amid varied coast and inland scenery away from the bustle of everyday life. You will be thrilled with the Romance of wonderful links with the past—The Roman Wall, Bamburgh Castle, Durham Cathedral and Castle, and many other places of great historic interest—while Recreation of every description will be readily found at the holiday resorts on this picturesque coast—part of "The Drier Side."

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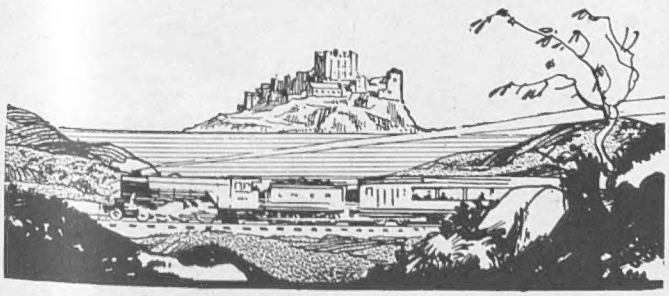

LONDON AND NORTH EASTERN RAILWAY

FACIAL MASSAGE

EXPERIENCE has shown that a beautiful skin soon loses its charm when neglected.

The system of Facial Massage adopted by the Phyllis Earle expert Masseuse protects as well as beautifies the skin to one's entire satisfaction.

Wrinkles, puffiness and similar disfiguring blemishes disappear. Superfluous tissue is rapidly removed and the skin assumes its natural firmness and smoothness.

A visit to these modernly equipped Salons will enable you to test the refreshing and beautifying effects of Facial Massage, and personal advice may be obtained without obligation.

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32. DOVER STREET, W.1.

Telephone: REGENT 7931 (8 lines).

A new HANAN Men's Shoe, perfectly fitting and designed with Hanan care and taste to suit the needs of everyday, lounge-suit wear.

Available in Black or Tan Calf **52/6**

Also in Black or Tan Calf with heavier sole - - - - **58/6**

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HANAN SHOES

328 Oxford St · 203 Regent St.

Two *necessary* aids TO YOUR TOILET

The *soignée* charm of the modern woman is the outcome of meticulous attention to her toilet. That is why you will see on so many fashionable dressing-tables a smart box containing *Pond's Cleansing Tissues*, and a clear bottle, uniquely stoppered, of *Pond's Skin Freshener*.

If you were to ask why they are there, you would probably be told the bald fact that *Pond's Cleansing Tissues* are the ideal means of removing cold cream, and that *Pond's Skin Freshener* is a delightful, mildly astringent tonic for use afterwards.

Take a *Pond's Cleansing Tissue* in your fingers and feel how soft it is. It will not irritate even the most delicate skin, yet it is strong, and will not roll into ineffectual balls. *Pond's Cleansing Tissues* are more absorbent than the ordinary towel, and have not that tendency to drive the cream back into the pores. Discard them after use.

Soak a pad of cotton wool in *Pond's Skin Freshener* and pat it on the skin. You will experience a delightful feeling of freshness which brings a glow of natural colour to the cheeks.

You may try these preparations at negligible trouble by sending 6d to Pond's Extract Co. (Dept. 275) 103 St. John Street, London, E.C.1, for a dainty box containing samples of *Pond's Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener* and *Pond's Cold* and *Vanishing Creams*.

POND'S

CLEANSING TISSUES

per Box 2/-, 1/3 and 9d.

& SKIN FRESHENER

per Bottle 5/6, 3/- and 1/-

also

POND'S COLD CREAM

Opal Jars 5/-, 2/6 and 1/3. Tubes 2/6, 1/- and 6d.

POND'S VANISHING CREAM

Opal Jars 2/6 and 1/3. Tubes 1/- and 6d.

GOLF

on 2 Tip-top courses.

Stay and Rest or
Play with Zest
at the

Palace Hotel BUXTON

Golf. Squash Rackets.
Horse Riding. Tennis.
Badminton. Swimming.
Dancing.

Write R. Hewlett for Easter Programme.

TAYLOR'S
CIMOLITE
The Perfect
TOILET POWDER

RECOMMENDED by eminent doctors and used in the Royal Nurseries. The purest powder for Mothers and Infants and general toilet use. Invaluable for all cases of excoriations, chafing and roughness of the skin. Rose or Violet scented. Prices from 1/1½d.

Ask for **Taylor's Cimolite Toilet Powder in the new Sprinkler tins, 1/- and 3/-.**

CIMOLITE TOILET CREAM. Tubes 1/3. Pots 1/6 and 2/6.

UNSCENTED AND VIOLET SCENTED SOAP 2/- IN BOXES OF 3 TABLETS.

Made by **JOHN TAYLOR, 30 Baker Street, London, W.1.**
(Established over 70 years.)

Obtainable direct and at Boots' Branches, Taylors Drug Co., Whites Ltd., Army & Navy Stores, Harrods, etc., and all Chemists and Stores.

Waging War on Germs—No. 2.

WAGING WAR ON GERMS

The woman in the home wages war on disease germs every day in the year. She is the Officer of the Domestic Red Cross. She it is who promotes the health of her household: she it is who ministers to any member in sickness, who binds wounds and keeps infection at bay.

To her aid comes Wright's Coal Tar Soap — for more than 65 years recommended by medical men, and awarded the Certificate of merit of the Institute of Hygiene.

Containing fragrant creamy emollients and aromatic antiseptics and being scrupulously pure, Wright's Coal Tar Soap is suitable for children of all ages. After physical exertion, or on hot days, a wash with Wright's Coal Tar Soap is bracing and invigorating and promotes a feeling of freshness and "tone."

In skin affections this soap is invaluable: cleansing, cooling and antiseptic, it gives no reprieve to harmful germs.

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

6d. PER TABLET - 10d. BATH SIZE

Streets 136

"CELEBRITIES DISGUISED" COMPETITION

.....*Cut out along here*.....

CELEBRITIES DISGUISED.
COUPON No. 3.

I IDENTIFY

15 As .....
16 As .....
17 As .....
18 As .....
19 As .....
20 As .....

Name .....
Address .....
.....

April 16

Cut out along here

COUPON AND RULES (*See page 113*)

RULES

WHEN you have identified the well-known people whose disguised portraits appear on page 113 write your solutions in ink on the form provided in the next column.

Cut out the coupon, and keep it and all subsequent coupons until the competition ends.

You may submit as many sets as you please, but each set *must* be complete. Incomplete sets will be destroyed. In the event of a tie for the first place other "Celebrities Disguised" puzzles will be set until won outright. In the event of ties the money prizes will be divided equally.

No reader may win more than one prize.

The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Illustrated Newspapers and their families are not eligible to compete.

The Confidences of Angela

"When Television comes" . . .

"Oh, there you are, Ted. Yes, rather. But I'm afraid when television comes I'll have to phone you later in the mornings! . . Yes, almost. But talking of television, do you know that 'Duggie' is clairvoyant? I wired him £100 each way yesterday morning on my filly and—cattiest of catastrophes—I forgot to put my name on it! . . . No, silly, on the telegram. However, thank my horoscope's best star, dear discerning 'Duggie' had an intuition it was mine. Sent a special messenger to the Course—got there five minutes before the race, and all was well. 10/1, a cheery price, *n'est-ce pas?* Specially when one's wants are big and dividends small!"

SIR EDWARD:—"Lucky Angela. He's a wonderful bookie—that's why I'm *so enthusiastic* about him."

Douglas Stuart

is
Waiting
to
Open an Account
with YOU.

"Stuart House,"
Shaftesbury Avenue,
London.